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Dief's delight

You hit a lot of bases in your article *That Old Smoking Puffing* (Canada, Oct. 19). But you are off the mark with your contention that John Diefenbaker devised the title *Progressive Conservatives* "to counter the party's 'loyal Street image'." That honor goes to Maurice Lalor—Progressive Conservative John Bracken, who made it a condition for assuming the Conservative party leadership in 1943, when he was sworn to the national scene from the wartime coalition he headed in his own province. No doubt Dief, ever the Prairie populist, approved. That's the name Progressive Conservatives only underlines the continuing schizophrenia and feckless leadership of the party. —GREG LUDWIG, Ottawa



Joe Clark: Progressive or feckless?

Groping for the group

All that can be said of the chaotic criticism of the Canadian play *Maggie and Pierre* by *The New York Times* drama critic Frank Rich is, poor America. When he said that Margaret Trudeau was not a real national hero, he failed to suggest any suitable replacements. Phoenix artist-director Steven Roberson's ignorance about SC and the Group of Seven is a stark reminder that most Americans are not in touch with Canadian history or artistic achievements and therefore cannot pass fair judgment. —DAVID L. SILVER, Whiting, Ore.

Too close, yet too far

What a strange thought your reviewer must have had when he wrote, "he [Rushy] is too close to his subject" about my film *The Space Who Never Were*. I was not born in Germany, Austria or Italy. I was not interned. I am not of the same generation as the invading people I filmed, and I was not a close friend of any of them. I wonder if he felt that being Canadian and concerned with the human condition made me "too close." I would have to plead guilty since I hold with Walt Whitman, "I contain multitudes," and thus am closer to all my subjects. —HARRY KERRY, Toronto

A broad pan

Sir Henry Watton's famous definition of a diplomat was eloquently misquoted in your article *Testing the Two That Dief* (World, Oct. 19). The 17th-century author wrote that "an ambassador is as honest man sent to be abroad for the good of his country." By dropping the pan ahead from the porch first, you missed the subtlety of the original remark. —ALAN MCKENNA, Ottawa

Scoring in the House

Fetheringham's column (Oct. 19) reinforces the theory that sport is what unites this country. Whether it be Team Canada, the excellent Kops, Calgary's successful Olympic bid or, as Fetheringham points out, the Toronto "whatever," sport is the only thing with which all Canadians seem able to identify. Now, if only we could get the elected leaders of this country to take to the fields or to have up their sleeves. —ED HEDDER, Ottawa

If cities show their soul at the risk and on the field, as Fetheringham claims, why is it that San Francisco, with a mere dismal sports record thus far, remains a tourist magnet? At the same time, across the bay, grimy Oakland, one of the jack superpowers, has not been catapulted into the ranks of world-class cities. The overly, overpaid mercenaries who stumble over the American newly separate from, not typically, the city they play for. —JERRY RYC, Toronto



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PASSAGES



WON: The Nobel Prize for physics. U.S. professor Arthur Schawlow, 60, of Stanford University, and Niels Leon Bloembergen, 65, of Harvard, along with Professor Kai Siegbahn, 54, of Sweden's Uppsala University, were awarded the honor for their work on atomic systems. Schawlow, who with Charles Townes is generally considered to be the inventor of the laser, was educated at the University of Toronto. Kenichi Fukui of Kyoto University in Japan and Ronald Hoffmann of Cornell shared the chemistry prize for separate research on the course of chemical reactions.

BORN: Mary Gayle Chase, 74, best known for her Pulitzer Prize-winning play *Honey*, after suffering a heart attack in her Denver, Col., home. *Honey*, a light-hearted tale about a general elec-

tion and his best friend, a large renegade white rabbit, ran for five years on Broadway in the 1960s. Chase attended the premiere of a six-week musical adaptation starring Donald O'Connor in Toronto just weeks before her death.

APPOINTED: Journalist-broadcaster Elizabeth Gray, 44, to co-host CBC Radio's current affairs program *As It Happens* with Alan Milne. Gray replaces longtime co-host Barbara Frum, who resigned last summer for as anchor position on CBC TV's upcoming news program, *The Journal*.



DIED: Dorothy L. Wulton, 73, a member of the Order of Canada and of Canada's Sports Hall of Fame, in Toronto after a lengthy illness. The Swift Current, Sask.-born athlete was considered to be the best badminton player in the world when, in 1936, she became the only Canadian to

win the All-England championship. In later years Wulton was a strong consumer advocate and active volunteer worker.



DIED: David Wendell Glick, 88, popular American composer, in a Dallas, Tex., hospital. Glick was best known for his adaptation of *Grease on the Range*, a Broadway musical he revised and set to music at the age of 16. Trained at the Royal Conservatory in Vienna, Glick wrote poplite pictures and play scores and transformed old folk songs such as *Twilight on the Street* intoiddle tunes.

REMOVED: Maj. Gen. Robert Schellinger, 55, chief military adviser to President Ronald Reagan's National Security Council, for telling the Association of the United States Army that the Soviets had nuclear superiority and were "ready to strike."

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A glossy, bright fall

Enthralled by the initial proclamation of Pechou's *Arrogant Sonnet* (Lover, Oct. 26), I looked forward to reading about an unprecedented haul of literary quality. Na-muh-lah. Almost the entire story is devoted to hoopla over such matters as "aggressive marketing." Worse, the enforceable reviews that are attached by way of sober afterthought confirm the strong suspicion that "brightest" might be have read gleam.

—JOHN McQUEEN
Scullion, Sask.

In your article on full fiction I was surprised to find Dennis Lee perpetuating the myth that Canada's good writers begin with the small presses and graduate to "major houses" when deemed fit. In fact, many of the best prefer to remain with literary press. The idea of major and minor publishing is a U.S. import, borrowed from baseball and bad for literary health. The literary presses have had to change to survive, and it should be a point of national pride that we now can offer every writer a satisfying, expert alternative to the so-called big time.

Editorial Director,
House of Anansi Press Ltd.,
Toronto

Your cover story highlights the emigration of Canadian literature on national and international scenes. However, one is led to believe that the creation of CanLit is only happening in Toronto, Montreal and the West Coast. You could have given credit to Alberta's gov-



Keith Motiwal, *Dissident* from Bantam

ernment for its ambitious program to encourage new writers. Alberta continues to create a cultural climate by conducting workshops and seminars that nurture the writer from the beginning of an idea to a thorough knowledge of his craft. And it is with excitement that Manitoba writers enter the first search for a new novel competition, initiated by Manitoba's department of cultural affairs.

—BETTY DYCK,
Canadian Authors Assoc.,
Winnipeg

All is not quiet in the jungle

What is being written about the constitution in this country defies logic, reason and sanity. (Dr. Trudeau's *Our Way? World of the Personal Empire* on the Table, Editorial, Oct. 12) Canada's military, defense is being carried out by the U.S., the economy is hostage to decisions made in the U.S., major industries are owned by the U.S., and the major labor unions are branches of these American counterparts. Even a Third World War would seem unable to erode Canada's constitution from its other habitat in London. Yet Canada

claims to be an independent and sovereign nation. Mind you, any 24 million monkeys in the bush could claim the same.

—A. ANDERSON, PH.D.
Banff, Alta.

A dealening cry

In your article *Human Rights Aren't in the Contract* (World, Oct. 12) Canadian ambassador to South Korea, William Bauer, is said to have "expressed the wish that Canadians would loudly and confidently express opinions on North Korea's record, about which he hears nothing." Kindly Bauer is kind of hearing. Has he never heard of the Canadian section of Amnesty International, an organization that spans no country, not even North Korea?

—LOON HURWITZ
Vancouver, B.C.

High hopes

Your article *Pot Leaf in the High Hills* (Deadline, Oct. 12) conveys a terrifying evocation. Its message in essence is that a good cash crop, marijuana, is being grown illegally in an economically depressed area of California and should, therefore, be legalized. What of the young generation of pot users who are being pulled off their productivity and maturity? Are they not a good cash crop as well?

—PHYLLIS C. MALONE
Vancouver, B.C.

Pot Leaf in the High Hills reaffirms a growing, hyperbolic, grandiose and encouraged by the various levels of American governments. They demand that Mexico spray its fields to kill pot plants, while California strives to decriminalize cultivation. Maybe the U.S. government should develop uniform policies before it tries to push other countries.

—CHRIS MOIR
St. Catharines, Ont.

White freedom

As a native woman who has become a victim of the same sections of the *Ladies' Art* as Sandra Lovelace, I read your article *As Ancient Squawks Resound* (Fallon-12, Sept. 28) with the greatest interest. It is, of course, in the government's interest to continue this sexual-racial discrimination, and it seems to have the support of Indian men. Surely this law is the most blatant example of our government treating women as inferiors. Why is this treated only as an Indian issue? Why aren't all of Canada's women upset? Is freedom of discrimination by sex for whites only?

—CERILIA POWERS,
Brampton, Ont.

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Sounding society's alarm bell

'Most Canadians live high on the hog while lamenting their hardship'

By Bruce Hutchison

The great debate on Canada's present and future usually starts in a blend of whimsy and silliness and ends in a helpless or angry shrug. Who, we ask, led us to the calamities of inflation, debt, taxes and stamp? The inevitable answer is that our government led us and we followed. But the reverse may be equally true—we led, with our exorbitant demands on the state, and governments followed. Either way, a decade of economic delirium tremens, of consuming more than we produced and borrowing from other countries to pay our grocery bills, ensured a bad omen for later.

After the whims come the clichés, solemnly attested by our chosen governments, wearing their automatic television grimaces, their bogus air of mastery that would be pathetic if they did not touch our intelligence. Canadians, we are told, should rejoice because they suffer less poverty and inflation than many of their fellowed they do, and should, with their unquipped pro-capita resources, but a man drowning in 12 metres of water (the present annual cost-of-living increase) is not automatically cheered by the knowledge that the depth might be greater if he drowns all the same.

If we spared a moment for coherence in the debate, we could observe two primary unpleasant facts. First, the Canadian people, who fondly survived centuries of wilderness struggle, depression and war, could not endure the big post-war boom when everything, no matter how expensive, seemed within their grasp, without growing fat-headed, arrogant and greedy. If that is a sign for psychologists to study, the second fact is clear enough to the layman. Beginning in 1969, the original Trudeau government took fright and attempted to cure inflation, then at a relatively modest level, by passionate rhetoric and, that failing, by direct wage and price controls severely rejected as unworkable. Once controls ended we were left with the single instrument of monetary policy.

Thus, a fiscal fallacy was embedded in the economic system—the notion that a rush on the money supply alone would solve the whole problem without serious pain. Of course it could not. But the Bank of Canada and its orange signalling-from-Washington interest rates made a handy whipping boy for politicians afraid to apply the two other essential instruments of fiscal policy, or budgetary discipline, and controls, or restraint or emergency, of measures now steadily pushing up production costs and prices. While an economic strategy, to have any hope of success, must rest on a tripod—monetary policy, fiscal policy and controls—our governments (and oppositions) have chosen to stand on the one leg of monetary policy, and they are crumbling under the strain, on top of us, from budget to budget, deficit to deficit, election to election and pressure to false

promise, we have reeled into the quagmire. Yet even the appalling prices, high unemployment and low economic growth are not the worst result.

Far worse in the long run is the widening gulf between the fortunate majority of Canadians and the unfortunate minority, between the powerful and the powerless, between the educated and the uneducated worker on pensioners, between the older family who bought a house cheaply a few years ago and the young couple who can never hope to own one—the Bushmilla of our coin system and the untenable.

Though Pierre Trudeau's Just Society is becoming little more than an exercise in nostalgia at home, he pursues the original dream abroad and expands it to include mankind. As the champion of the Third World, he revives the ideals of his youth and is unquestionably right in believing that

the nations of the North will not forever retain their wealth or even their peace if the South is denied its hunger and misery. Desperation will breed disorder and with it the familiar clank of the great powers. Yet if Trudeau's internationalism is both sincere and urgently needed, it would be more convincing if he were not pursuing in his own country a vigorous nationalist policy—the antithesis of historic liberalism—his eloquent tongue occasionally forlorn. But no one expects a politician to be consistent, and it is still true, as he says, that the average living standard of Canadians measured by real disposable income rose by 50 per cent (according to Trudeau) from 1970 to 1980, allowing for inflation. His claim is supported by every credible restaurant, liquor store and travel agency in the land. Most Canadians live high on the hog while lamenting their hardships. But if the living standard is measured in general peace of mind, in freedom from fear, in the nation's self-confidence and unity, in the truly vital things of life, the statistics, however accurate, take on a very different look. So measured, our society as a whole is not better off. Its living standard has not risen but fallen.

Certainly this is not all the fault of our governments. We, as a people, share the blame. And even by the deceptive measurement of consumption, say we suppose that the so-called living standard will continue to rise indefinitely despite a stagnant world economy, a birth explosion and an armageddon race?

What is a Canadian to think of his country's prospects in the decade of the 1990s? He may think, to paraphrase Napoleon, that we live at the edge of an abyss covered with flowers and overhanging in our time by the bomb on a chowder string. Yet that among all peoples our prospects will still be the best—if we can only recover our old common sense.

Bruce Hutchison is an award-winning writer and journalist whose latest book is Ulfar Pery's Wonderful Town.



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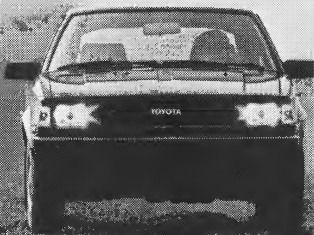
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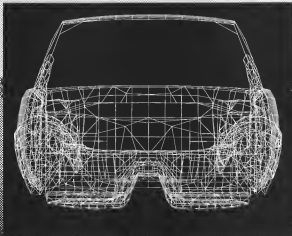
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THIS CANADA

Buffo at the box-office

Ex-priest packs houses in Quebec with a series of slides and lectures on sex

By Wayne Grigsby

Like some sprawling brick-covered leagues, the 1930s seemed to be drawing people out of the sun and up to its sheltered gable-glass front doors. Two by two, 602 solid citizens of Shosungas, Que., streamed through the junior college's glistening parking lot, down straight, well-lit paths and across tidy lawns in orderly, right angles to the portico. Inside they shook out raincoats, grumped and chattered, before bustling enthusiastically to well-upholstered seats in the auditorium, waiting for the lights to dim.

The attraction? A pot-bellied 50-year-old ex-priest who would talk to them about how fantasy could enrich their sex lives. In measured, reassuring phrases, Jean-Yves Desjardins told them it was okay to have sexual fantasies about people other than your spouse (his romantic novels distort sexual perceptions as badly as girls magazines), and illustrated his points with hard pornography pictures. The crowd watched and listened respectfully, applauding warmly when it was over. "Wasn't that interesting?" asked a well-dressed middle-aged woman. Her husband nodded. "Especially the part about the fantasies," he agreed. "And he handled it all with such good taste," sighed the woman, slipping into her raincoat and out the door.

Thirty, maybe even 30 years ago, Shosungas might have run Desjardins out of town. At the very least, his lecture would have been the cause for grave concern in the councils of the church, the local newspaper and city hall. A question might even have been asked in Quebec's national assembly concerning the propriety of this sort of thing being held in a school auditorium. But in 1984 there's not a whisper of controversy. Controversy is the constitution, and the rule that local MP Jean Charest is playing in bringing it home. Controversy is the rising price of gasoline, or a drive to undermine the local outlet of McDonald's. Sex isn't controversial anymore. Sex is as safe as gourmet cooking and macaroni. "People are more

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smore about sex," says the lively, unprejudiced Desjardins, leaning way back in the swivel chair behind the desk in his sparsely furnished office in Montreal. "After a century of what I call 'moral terrorism' they're beginning to see actual pleasure is something nice in our lives, something that can make us better husbands and wives, better human beings."

His message is one that Quebecers stress again & again. In less than two years, 100,000 people have paid as much as \$6 a ticket to centers as small as Rimouski and as big as Montreal to be told how to better their sex lives. "I was astonished by the reaction," he admits. "My feeling was that people are bombarded with talk about sex and love day in, day out. Why would they want to go to a lecture about it?" "Because it's an area that's not particularly well served by the media. The media either skim the surface or exploit this topic," answers François Préval, the impresario who approached Desjardins with the idea for his five-part lecture series on human sexuality. Préval is the co-founder of Spectamundo Corp., an organization that offers a range of lectures in its university-popular series. In a sense, Desjardins and Préval are tapping the envy of a generation of Quebecers who feel they missed out on the sex education available to their children. Says Préval: "There's a strong demand for solid information out there. We've done best in the areas of Quebec that are the most conservative, where traditional institutions are the strongest."

Préval could hardly have found a more suitable teacher of information than Jean-Yves Desjardins. Looking like the rumpled owner of the local hardware store, he suits middle Quebec down to the ground. There's no show-biz flash, no stage-growing evangelism, no bippity-bopp "sharing the experience." His rich and soothing baritone is the very voice of reason and common sense. Slowly, gracefully, Desjardins guides his listeners along a continuum, from to touch, how to touch, reading body language, the importance of caressing and foreplay, the role of masturbation, oral sex, and sex fantasies, devotions and perversions. Born as he explains and encourages, he is disarmingly conversational. The heterosexual couple is the norm; the male proposal (though he's encouraged to slow down and take time to be tender), while the female (encouraged

to be more "practical" and less romantic) disposes. The odd nervous glances betray some discomfort in the audience, a collective intake of breath may greet some of the more elaborate variations, but few people walk out. "He doesn't treat it like a biology lecture," says Préval. "He deals with it in the way people know it from their daily life. He speaks from the heart."

Until he decided to make a career out of the study of sex, Desjardins' own life



Photo: Michel Gauthier



Desjardins lecturing, slide shows at lecture. "He speaks from the heart"

looked pretty conventional. The 13th of 17 children, Desjardins became a priest, then completed a master's degree in psychology at the Université de Montréal. He wanted to continue his academic studies in human sexuality, but had trouble finding a niche. As a discipline, sexuality didn't exist, and certainly not at the conservative and church-influenced Université de Montréal of 1963. On the condition that he do some work on deviant sexual behavior, the department of criminology

agreed to sponsor his research, and in 1971 granted him a doctorate.

The more he learned, however, the more he came into conflict with the teachings of the church. "Because I was a clinical officer, I was supposed to be the bearer of one message, which went against what I knew as a psychologist," explains Desjardins. "For example, according to the church, masturbation is intrinsically bad, yet as a psychologist and sexologist, I knew that on the contrary, masturbation could be an asset in the human sexual apprehension. The church asked me to consider homosexuality a moral failing when I knew homosexuality to be an erotic variation over which the individual has little control. The church asked me to consider a couple to be indivisible when I knew full well, as a psychologist and sexologist, that inseparability exists."

Unable to resolve the contradictions, Desjardins took off his clerical collar and donned an academic's gown. In 1969 he founded the department of sociology at the Université du Québec à Montréal where he still teaches. Now married and the father of two children, Desjardins took a year's sabbatical in 1980 and received \$100,000 in films and audio-visual aids to mount his lecture series. Despite the overwhelming success, he says he lost money on his first year. Total expenses came to \$833,000 and his share of the revenue to only \$400,406. "University professors aren't always good administrators," he admits with a chuckle. Now that the start-up costs are behind him, the 36 lectures he will be giving this year ought to put him in the black.

Twenty-two months on the lecture circuit has convinced Desjardins that there's a great need to air questions of sexuality and eroticism. "There's a crisis of communication among couples in the Western world today," he explains, leaning earnestly across the corner of his desk. "I had no idea to what extent our consumer society was working to destroy the eroticism of a couple...not to destroy procreation, but to destroy the erotic communication of a couple, which is based on so many other things. Eroticism depends on our capacity to express, at best we call, our feelings for one another." A lecture will may seem like a strange place to be furthering the "erotic communication of a couple," but the language of the toilet window prove the bandwagon can be overcome. ☐

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PROFILE: NADINE GORDIMER

Sensing the earthquakes in society

By Hubert de Santarém

"People curl their lips and say that we writers imagine that we're seers, the answer is that we neither arrogantly imagine that we can look into the future, nor do we have this label to be put upon us. But we do have this presence which comes from being very sensitive to all the undercurrents and waves that are going on below the surface. It's the way that animals get the warning of an earthquake they sense it before human beings do. We sense earthquakes in our society."

Nadine Gordimer has been recording the seismic tremors in South African society with painful honesty for more than 30 years. Her eight novels and seven collections of short stories have established her as one of the world's major writers.

In 1974, Gordimer was co-winner of the coveted Booker Prize in Britain. France has awarded her the Grand Prix d'Œuvre and South Africa has acknowledged her importance by naming three of her novels, a high accolade in a repressive society.

Gordimer draws her characters from the very heart of South African society. She writes of the ways in which apartheid smothered human dignity, eroded personal relationships and poisoned the wells of democracy. She confronts the physical and psychic violence done to people in her country with moral courage and a fierce integrity that burns to the page.

Nadine Gordimer is a small, pale woman whose intellect radiates her personality. Her nose is strong, the mouth firm and expressive, the large dark eyes deep with intelligence and compassion. Her hands are fine-boned, the slender fingers of the fingers accented by heavy rings. Her hair, silver as black, has the appearance of shot silk.

Although she has the elegant manner and calm self-possession of an ambassador, Gordimer's attitude was relatively modest. She was born in 1923, in a

small gold-mining town about 48 km from Johannesburg. It became the setting of her first novel, *The Lying Days* (1963). Her father was a Lithuanian Jew who emigrated to South Africa when he was 15 and married a white woman. "By the time I came on the scene," Gordimer says, "he was a prize bourgeois businessman, a small shopkeeper who called himself a jeweller." Her mother, also a Jew, came to

She was "walled up among the mine dumps, born reeled from the European world of ideas." The town library offered her a way of escape. "A child doesn't understand why it turns away to live in a dreamworld and in the world of books," Gordimer says sadly. "You only, realize this afterwards, but I suppose it's a kind of hunger that isn't being fed." She began writing at the age of 9, and her first story was published when she was 15.

Gordimer's youth was spent in the sun, but it was a corrupting sun, the kind that breeds maggots in a dead dog. All around her she observed the tragic devastation caused by apartheid and she made it the main subject of her fiction. She could have chosen a safer theme, but her commitment to the truth made this impossible. "You must keep the freedom that is yours," she wrote in the foreword to her first novel, "because in the end you're not serving anybody—neither your art, nor your society."

Her attitude inevitably brought her into conflict with the South African government. Her second novel, *A World of Strangers* (1968), which described the slow friendship between a white and a black man, was banned for 12 years. *The Late Bourgeois World* (1969), which examined the psychology of people drawn in armed resistance against the state, was banned for 16 years. The acclaimed *Burger's Daughter* (1979)



'Yes, it's strange to live in a country where there are still heroes'

South Africa from England at the age of 6.

Nadine was the younger of the two girls. "I was brought up in that little town like every other white child," she remembers. "I went to a convent school, there, and I lived the segregated life of the white people there." Later she was to recall the solitude of growing up not only as a member of a white minority, but as an "intellectual by inclination."

was banned briefly, then unbanned following an international protest. So far, *Johannesburg*, published this year, has not been banned, but it has been banned. The release of every one of Gordimer's novels is delayed up to two months while government officials decide whether it is safe. This hurls the scale of the book, and there is an edge of anger and bitterness in Gordimer's novel when she declares that "writers in South Africa are punished before sentences have been passed."

The dangers of outspokenness extend beyond the suppression of literature. In South Africa, imprisonment, banning or house arrest are not uncommon for

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those who criticize the acute Gordimer's formidable international reputation gives her a measure of protection. But others, as noble spirited as she, are more vulnerable. "Yes, it's strange to live in a country where there are still heroes," reflects Bana Banger in *Boy's Daughters*, and then berates both of whites and blacks, in considering that landscapes her creator Gordimer remarks: "They came out of this incredibly disgusting society where we go through all sorts of inner convulsions in order to justify the wrongs that we do. . . . But out of this pressure three

new people who are absolutely sane, who feel that they're not making any kind of evasion at all. They go in and out of prison, they stand up to interrogation, they may be tortured or house-arrested, but they will not leave South Africa.

Gordimer, too, refuses to leave South Africa, though she cannot say what she would do if a bloody revolution came. For now, married with two children, she lives in Parktown West, a wealthy suburb of Johannesburg. She serves her passionate belief in the cause with her pen and by speaking out against injustices.



"You must keep the freedom not to write that lie that's going to die on the page"

ties. Here was one of the most articulate and moving voices heard at the recent conference as *The Writer and Human Rights* held in Toronto in aid of Amnesty International.

Her eloquence has made her South Africa's poet of alienation. Her writing is doubling in its range: it can be serene and serene or spare and savagely realistic. Her images are striking: a donkey being senselessly flogged is a symbol of black South Africa, the oppressions of the black population are expressed in a lion's roar. "The rat of freedom leaping the bars of the cage." Her latest novel, *July's People*, is set in an imagined post-revolutionary South Africa with the blacks in control of the country. A liberal white suburban family is rescued from a collapsing Johannesburg by its servant of 25 years, July, to his remote tribal village where he becomes its prince. The novel is not apocalyptic: rather it is an elegy for people "born where parish dogs in a black continent."

Does Gordimer sense an earthquake in South Africa's near future? "I think that there's a very good chance that South Africa could have a just, non-racial society with a black majority government. And it will come about through the activity of the black unions, which represent a rallying point for peaceful change. But of course I am here skipping the terrible interrogations when this supposed change is going to be arrived at. For the rest, I think that we have to take a Pascalian wager: we don't have to assume that there is a God; we have to assume that there's going to be a democracy for all the people of South Africa." ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

Attacking the love bug

Scientists have not yet found a cure for herpes, but partial relief is on the way

Herpes victims have long awaited a cure for their often painful and humiliating affliction. Although herpes simplex virus type-II threatens to subvert gonorrhea as the most widespread venereal disease in North America (there are an estimated 50,000 sufferers in Canada) and has been linked to cervical cancer in women, it is still incurable. (Medicine, Sept. 8, 1980). The difficulty is finding new treatments for herpes lies in the enigmatic nature of the virus which, after causing an outbreak of blisters and sores, withdraws into the nerve cells and lurks there ready to strike again at any moment. None of the drugs now in the market specifically attacks the herpes virus, offering scant relief from pain. But now researchers are beginning to grasp the hot-and-cold mechanism of the virus and finally seem to be on the verge of something—if not a cure, then at least a treatment to activate and hasten the disappearance of symptoms.

The most promising drug so far is called acyclovir. The manufacturer, Burroughs Wellcome Co. of Research Triangle Park, N.C., is so excited about the drug that without brushing its 20-centre North American branch unit, it has sent its preliminary data to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and to Ottawa's Health Protection Branch. Burroughs Wellcome is seeking approval for acyclovir to be put on the market. The beauty of acyclovir is that it remains inactive in the body until it comes in contact with a herpes-induced enzyme. The enzyme thus activates the drug, converting it into a compound that interferes with viral DNA and prevents the virus from reproducing. Most important, acyclovir does not affect the DNA in human cells and is virtually without side effects.

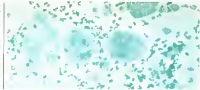
In the North American trial, acyclovir is being tested in three forms on more than 1,000 patients—as topical ointment, pill and intravenous injection. It has shown the most dramatic results intravenously. Patients who were given acyclovir by intravenous drip three times a day for five days were all free of lesions by the 36th day, com-



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pared to 15 days for those given a placebo. The period of contagion was markedly shorter for patients on the drug. Treatment with topical acyclovir did not produce as impressive results, though patients on acyclovir generally healed faster than those without the drug. Virologist Dr. Ron Kenney, who is in charge of the multi-centre trials, notes that patients in the treatment studios had their lesions before entering the trial. To verify this, Kenney has designed a new trial, which is being conducted by Dr. Stephen Sacks at the University of British Columbia. Fifty



Herpes simplex virus under microscope

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patients with recurrent genital herpes will take the drug home and begin to apply it as soon as they feel the warning signs of an outbreak. Kenney suspects that the earlier the treatment is applied, the more dramatic the results will be.

None of the three Canadian centres involved in Kenney's trial has completed its tests. Even so, Dr. Joseph Fortney, a microbiologist at McAll University who is testing oral acyclovir on 50 patients, says there is no question it is going to be a "super drug" for first-time genital herpes. But he stops at calling it the drug since it doesn't look as if acyclovir can cure herpes once the disease is entrenched. There's a chance the drug might prevent recurrences if first-time herpes is treated early enough. Lab mice given acyclovir within 24 hours of being inoculated with the virus did not have recurrences. Once the virus entered the nerves and became latent, recurrences could be shortened but not prevented.

There are countless contenders in the race to find a cure, although final results are at least two years off in most cases. Robert Bender, president of Bio Laporte Inc. in Toronto, has tested a promising synthetic chemical compound on mice, and is on the verge of seeking regulatory approval to try it on humans. "We're very optimistic about it," he says. Charles Shigman, a microbiologist at the University of Michigan, is working with 300 synthetic drugs originally developed to treat malaria. He says the best of the 40 drugs tested so far are 100 times more potent than anything now available, and without side effects. They will knock off not only genital herpes, but herpes simplex type-1, which causes cold sores and herpes of the eye. Monte Ho, a microbiologist at the University of Pittsburgh, and others are working with interferon.

For now, the highest hopes still rest with acyclovir. It may not be the cure, but, as Dr. Sacks says, "It's the only thing that shows any promise at all so far."

—PETER DE VRIES



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DATeline: INDIA

Witnessing the long, crooked arm of the law

Professional "eyewitnesses" make perjury a way of life

By Peter Nissenwand

After perjurying himself more than 2,500 times on behalf of the Delhi police, Prem Chand Patwara says he decided to quit because he was getting a bad name in his neighborhood. For 14 years, he had made an almost daily trip to one another of the courts in this Indian capital where, after coaching by the police, he gave "eyewitness" evidence against those who had fallen foul of the forces of law and order. The truth probably is that Prem Chand had simply made enough money to retire. The man who started off selling glasses of water from a pushcart outside the Delhi Cinema now owns two houses. But it isn't easy to retire from being what Indians delicately call a "bhai" witness. "The Delhi police do more than just frisk on it. When Prem Chand first refused to appear for them in any further cases, they threatened. When this failed, they mounted night prosecutions against him—complex with witnesses prepared to say, in oath, that they had personally seen the accused.

Well, here the police can choose from any number of offences—the usual selection includes possession of liquor, stolen property, opium, arms, involvement in communal activities or gambling.

Then they sought to twist the knife. Prem Chand's former patroness served



Indian beggar: corruption is the norm

him with a notice to show cause why he should not be expelled from Delhi on the charge that he was "liable to influence witnesses who might otherwise testify against him." They even had witnesses to say he was trying to intimidate them. Finally, Prem Chand was arrested and this was too much for him. If they wanted him to show cause, he would. So he approached the Supreme Court with a writ against both his detainers and the expulsive order, and spelled out the story of his activities over the past 14 years. What's more, the

could also prove it. He had actually kept every sentence he had been served: a monstrous pile of about 4,000 legal papers, some yellowing with age, marking the progress of his perjury. This past sentence, the Supreme Court ordered his release, and he continued his fight against police vindictiveness.

Prem Chand is by no means unusual. He is one of brief notoriety in India because of the sheer magnitude of his deeds. Swarn Singh, another retired procurer, recently found his case past strict attention when he persuaded Delhi High Court Judge R.N. Agarwal to throw out a similar police attempt to expel him from the capital. Swarn Singh, from the village of Deunagar, says he had been perjurying himself at least 100 times from the police for 10 years. He tried to give up regular lying and deceiving in 1988. When the forces of law heard he had declined to appear in court, they started 11 cases against him. Unfortunately for the police, but luckily for Swarn Singh, the "bhai" witnesses they produced at his trials were relatively unskilled, and he has so far been acquitted in 11 of these cases.

Clearly, something is pretty rotten in the legal system of the world's most populous democracy where public revolutions of such magnitude of justice cause little stir and no surprise. Although Indians are a very litigious people, their faith in the criminal process is almost zero.

Corruption is the norm here, and everyone knows it. The police are poorly paid but have considerable power, so it is not surprising that many demand payoffs. If they don't get what they want, they retaliate. Even the beggars at the traffic lights, who crouch and tap at car windows crying "Bhaiya, bhaiya!" under the indifferent eyes of a constable, have bribed him to permit them to operate there. The street vendor, who does not have a license, must buy off the police.

In fact, this is how Prem Chand came to be a perjury. The glasses of water, a murky, suspect liquid he sold on the sidewalks for a few paise—less than a cent—could not be dispensed until he had pressed the palms of policemen and municipal staff. Later, when he branched out to selling cups of tea and soft drinks, the bribes increased. As his relationship with the police continued, he was asked to appear in court. They helped him, of course, for Prem Chand is illiterate. "The police taught me how to sign my name in Hindi," says Prem Chand. "I never used this except to sign false statements that, sentenced, at times, innocent people. The police seemed to think it was their property, the way they peddled me in court to serve their ends." The bhaiwala—a police rank equivalent to constable—take

good care to brief and coach their "bhaiwitnesses." They would give me a run-down on the case and tell me what to say in reply to the questions," Prem Chand explains. "If I ever forget, I would say 'I don't remember,' and that seemed to satisfy them." The only clouds on Prem Chand's horizon during his lengthy career came when, on two occasions, men who had been imprisoned because of his firm visited him after their release and tried to break open his head. "I have 39 stitches to show as evidence of my beatings," he says.

The known list of professional perjury

ers in Delhi alone runs to 60 names, but, of course, that is not the police list, believed to be a much more extensive document. Many Indian lawyers have tried unsuccessfully to lay their hands on the list, the existence of which has been confirmed by official sources. However, an analysis of court records and district court annual law officers' files shows the same names appearing regularly as "witnesses" in different cases.

A was called Karam Singh is used by five police stations to give eyewitness evidence in cases under the crime act

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Street marches: some things in motion

and the theft and arms acts. Three police stations on Bath Street as their special witness in prosecution under the various act, the theft and gambling acts and the opium act. Each of these men has been identified as appearing in between 10 and 20 separate cases.

One might reasonably ask why the courts allow this state of affairs to continue. In fact, the police are to blame that, in Prem Chaud's case, they produced him before the same magistrate in 35 separate trials during a single year. Prem Chaud says his lawyer appeared in court in the company of one or two other "stock witnesses." Yet neither Prem Chaud's appearance, nor the regular combinations of perjurors, made any impact as the magistrate, who perhaps had a poor memory for faces, but perhaps not. It is quite instructive to see the legal reaction to revolutionaries such as these. Even when a judge or magistrate throws out a case because it is clearly dishonest and related to the case, he refuses himself to a mistake from the bench. In nearly three years, not one instance has been reported in which the arrest of perjurors has been ordered by an angry judiciary.

And now things have reached the point where, if somebody with real power ordered a full investigation—and made sure it was ruthlessly and quickly pursued, without cover-ups—there are few in the police, or in the administration of justice, who would escape serious criticism, while thousands would merit actual punishment. For that reason alone, nothing will be done.

CANADA

Constitutional chicken game

By Ian Anderson

In Canada's currently poisonous political atmosphere Richard Hatfield's oneness at last week's conference of premiers seemed entirely predictable. "Once they found we would not surrender," that was it, end of meeting. Hatfield growled, his pudgy hands wrapping and unwrapping around his morning cup of coffee. Across behind the New Brunswick premier, the standards of rebel ducks on a medieval battlefield, hung the flags of the eight provinces whose premiers had asked Hatfield and Ontario's Bill Davis to leave the previous day's meeting. Both men had committed the same sin in the eyes of their colleagues: they had supported Pierre Trudeau's constitutional offensive.

"They couldn't even negotiate with the premier of New Brunswick," Hatfield emphasized later. "How are they going to negotiate with the prime minister?" If the Montreal meeting was a true indication, the position of the premiers is becoming and the constitutional debate is in danger of degenerating into mere political posturing. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed refused to utter the word "compromise," asking why he should be accommodating when the dissenting eight "won" the Supreme Court decision. His intergovernmental allies minister is even more belligerent. "We are negotiating to the meeting to compromise," said the usually subsoporous Dick Johnston. For his part, Trudeau twice repeated the court's ruling that his course of action is "legal" when he telephoned the premiers and agreed they should make "one final attempt" starting Nov. 2 to negotiate a patriation package. The prime minister suggested to add that the court also ruled that his plan to force the package through Parliament without broad provincial consensus was "affirmative" to a federal state with its two levels of regional and national government.



Bennett, Trudeau (below) in Concord, like political parties in a divorce case

With the two sides still playing constitutional chicken, it was not surprising that the Montreal session was little more than a political charade. The chairman of the premiers, R.C.'s William Bennett, said that the meetings involved "very substantial talks." But he later conceded, under questioning, that such "substance" did not involve constitutional positions. That would



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have to wait for the meeting with Trudeau, because "that is when you discuss matters of substance." Premier René Lévesque said he "had never felt called upon" to modify the position the night took last April when they agreed their "accord." Trudeau could never accept that agreement because of its refusal to include a charter of rights and because of the attitude it left provinces to opt out of future constitutional change. Even the definition of "consensus" was left wide open in Montreal. When Bennett spoke of his optimism for a "successful conclusion" to the debate, he was asked to spell out the terms required for success. Obviously it meant the agreement of a majority of the provinces, he said—but he could not state whether that

meant six, seven or eight. Newfoundland's Brian Peckford said seven "is likely, from my point of view." Such was the middle strategy by the Supreme Court when seven of the nine justices ruled that constitutional convention (but not law) required a consensus among the provinces to enact constitutional change, not only declined to suggest what such consensus might consist of.

Like political parties in a divorce case communicating only through their lawyers, Trudeau and Bennett exchanged snide messages arranging next week's showdown in Ottawa's dimly lit convention centre. All the participants have refused to lay down any cards. "What [Trudeau] says to the press about his position is obviously his opening position," says Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney. Discussions with informed federal officials indicate Trudeau's opinion is in three areas:

• A Machiavellian proposal to bring forward to restore Ontario's veto, which is a bone in western throats. But that would create the thornier problem of whether Quebec retains a veto so that it can effectively defend French-Canadian interests, the busy but politically expo-

also issues tangled up in language rights.

• After provisions that allow for a national referendum in the event of a constitutional deadlock. The provision is seeking a yes in calling the referendum, they must be modified by an amendment that would require a referendum only if recommended by a majority of legislatures.

• Change the imposition of the charter of rights. One possible scenario proposed by Jack Pickens and Gordon Robertson, two retired members of the constitutional team, would allow the provinces four years to opt out of the charter by a vote of their legislatures. Otherwise they would be enrolled automatically. That would put the onus as a provincial government to explain to its voters why it opposes a guarantee of civil liberties that recent polls indicate four out of every five Canadians desire. "I am very skeptical that at the end of four years any legislature would take the formal step of opting out," says Robertson, once Trudeau's senior constitutional adviser. Longland, however, is unmoved by the polls. "If they [Canadians] have to choose between drifting the country and having a charter, they would prefer to have something that will keep the country together," he declared in Montreal.

So explicitly unanimous have been the recent consultations between Trudeau and the eight that it's hard to conceive of any of the dissenting premiers breaking away to help Trudeau become a modern Father of Confederation. Slightly difficult to imagine is who among the Quebecers has the political clout to form a new national consensus. When Sir John A. Macdonald's drive toward Confederation was nixed in 1864, he was able to pull a powerful former opponent, George Brown of Upper Canada, onto the back of his horse long enough to revive the momentum with conferences in Charlottetown and Quebec City. With Saskatchewan's Allan Rockwell now distracted equally by both ends of his fence-sitting last winter, no George Brown seems likely to emerge. And Trudeau has added in his life shows any signs of being a skilled confidant in the Macdonald mould.

The drama appeared foreshadowed by the story of superhuman next week, maybe, but before Trudeau can win majority to push his package through the House of Commons. Then the light seems to Britain, where everyone wants to break Westminster's technical asphyxiation over the constitution. And the shuffling and posturing of recent weeks, at least as political maneuvering, is a reality of the debate. Says Jim Feltz, NDP constitutional spokesman: "The process at this point in time has sickened most Canadians." □

New light in some dark corners

Film-maker Don Brittain is a master of images, but he suffers no illusions that his hard-hitting television trilogy about national security scandals, *On Guard for Them*, will provoke public outrage from his workbench at Montreal's National Film Board. Brittain observes "My mid-embrace is that our films will be screened nationally over the years by the civil thermostat—and generally ignored by the rest of the public." The reason? "Canadians essentially care no responsibility and believe that anything unpleasant is best swept away into some dark corner."

For all that, Brittain has performed a brilliant job of illuminating the unpleasant. On Sunday, on the third instalment of the CBC-TV production (*Shadows of a Horseman*, CBC TV,

10 p.m.) the camera's unblinking eye ranges over a remarkable series of contemporary trials in the night. There is former senior Security Service officer David Cook, in his first service since the McDonald royal commission, on force misadventure, defending operations against "the back end" of the separatist movement in Quebec. There is undercover gambler Warren Hart explaining how he lugged former soldier-general Warren Ainsworth and defusing that in his treacherous trade—"you must win an Oscar every night of the week." And finally there is Claude Vidal, a cameo role—seriously, a still picture that was wangled from archives in propaganda research sessions by co-producer James Littlejohn of the CBC.

Vidal, a clandestine intelligence network in the early 1970s that timed to



Brittain and Shirley Videll rehearse scenes about the history of shadowy acts.



keep tabs on suspected Quebec separatists for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's office (McIntyre, May 22). Operative VASTAD, according to Sheldene, was "the most closely guarded secret in the Privy Council office. The group was led by Claude Vidal, who said later he was part of the 'brinkman program'." Perhaps. But John Starnes, former head of the security service, says it was more than that. In a speech last September, Starnes claimed that another former soldier-general, Jean-Pierre Goyer, asked the Security Service to join with the Vidal group in a campaign "to control Quebec separatism at the political level." Starnes said that he rejected the proposal and threatened to resign if it went ahead.

The McDonald inquiry, McIntyre has learned, was given a stiff differential by Goyer when the probe heard evidence about Operation FAIRPLAY. Goyer was an undercover lieutenant who was exposed to the proposed co-operations between Vidal and the MacIntyre and that Trudeau accepted his advice that the project be shelved. The McDonald

inquiry effectively accepted Goyer's version over Starnes's and decided not to mention the Vidal group in its final report. The reason, says a former member of the now-defunct inquiry, was that "nothing was found to be illegal or improper."

But the Vidal group retains its significance because that somebody in the government sought to use the Security Service in a political counteroffensive against Quebec separatists at a hearing on the cases of several MacIntyre now before the courts. When hearings open in Montreal later this month, lawyers for MacIntyre accused of illegal activities will seek to have the charges quashed on grounds that the men were simply following orders from political masters to crack down on separatists.

The reaction of Brittain, a former CBC journalist police reporter, to the findings. "This entire affair has disturbed me greatly." The extent of his unease about the history of shadowy acts is betrayed in the crisp tag line that Brittain narrates with no hint of waver: "Because," he says, "Canadians are a people who will never admit that when all things are secure, no man is safe." —ROBERT LEWIS

OTTAWA

Another closing, another show

Throughout her two years as Canada's high commissioner in London, Jean Charest-Waddell has engaged members of the British establishment in an elegant round of dinner parties—featuring darts and the Canadian constitution. The most important of all her connections was a relationship with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Accordingly, when word began to leak out that the Liberal government planned to replace Waddell, who was appointed in the closing months of the party's last reign, the official Ottawa was that Thatcher might conclude that her friend Waddell was getting an unfair rap.

In a sense, she is. When the next phase of the constitutional process is decided in London, Waddell will be replaced by Denzil Foulkes, 58, a former assistant of external affairs and a dean of Newfoundland Liberals. Waddell will be offered another post, possibly Portugal, but some associates think the map return home to Ontario where her father, Earl Rowe, once ruled as a leader of the Conservative party and was later lieutenant-governor.

The move shows clearly that performance is not the sole criterion of the Liberal party. Although Waddell is a Per-

rier Tory MP—the pious Dalton Camp in his campaign to deny John Diefenbaker from the party leadership—she got top marks for lobbying on behalf of Pierre Trudeau's package. Says one senior constitutional bureaucrat: "She's been very gracious, very astute politically and a very loyal servant of the government of Canada."

For long-serving Don Jamieson, the London appointment was an eternity in the arranging. He retired from active politics last fall, having left the federal scene to wage a powerful provincial campaign against Social Credit Premier Brian Peckford. Then he was tapped to succeed Peter Towe as Canadian ambassador in Washington. But Jamieson's self-proclaimed "love affair" with Americans made him suspect to nation-

Godlieb, a bookish technocrat, taken over at a time of acute tensions between Ottawa and Washington. He recently advocated a revival of the so-called Third Option, a policy that contravened a doctrine announced in an attempt to build new links with other countries at the expense of relations with the United States. Once at home in Washington, however, Godlieb is expected to conduct himself in the quiet, grey tradition of his predecessors.

Waddell perched her eye in London in the most modest and the Tower in Washington was about from inquiry reporters. Only once, in a remarkable lack of confidential documents last February, did Charest-Waddell get a glimpse of her husband on the constitutional courts. In one scene Waddell worried that her tri-



Waddell with Justice Minister Jean Charest looked serious early ambassadorship.

affairs at External Affairs, Trudeau's powerful cabinet secretary, Michael Pitfield, had promised Washington to Miss Godlieb, the external affairs department's chief mandate, and Trudeau's personal representative during last summer's economic summit. Trudeau assumed Godlieb's appointment last week. Had the constitutional question not dragged on, he planned to replace the Conservative's nomination at the same time. Among the leading contenders for Godlieb's old post as undersecretary are Pitfield himself and Godlieb's deputy, De Montigny Marchand.

phone was tapped by people who wanted inside dope on Canadian strategy. When British Tory Jonathan Austin, a Trudeau critic, planned a visit to Canada, another Waddell name adroitly. "We shall need a snow job on him." For Waddell, the leaked notes prove a minor embarrassment. As for the latest account about her own future, an aide would say only that he knows nothing about the matter. In fact, Waddell knows that her gig is over, essentially because she was born a Tory—and Grits play for keeps. —ROBERT LEWIS

With Alex from Carol Kennedy



Carmel: 'My hamburgers are 'necron'

QUEBEC

Yes! We have no 'ananas'

U ntil recently the bureaucrats of Quebec's Office de la Langue Française have ruled unorthodox in their linguistic empire, from time to time issuing directives to the populace on "acceptable" French. On hamburger is a *saucisson* and so is *sauc-draft*. The Office wants Quebecers to differentiate between *saucisson* and *saucisse* before prison. But in recent weeks an angry young registered nursing assistant, Jeanne Carman, has flamed into the Quebec media scene, making such a hullabaloo about the language laws that the Quebec government may finally be shaken into recognizing some of the results of its four-year-old Bill 101.

Carman's life has been ruined by the fact that although she grew up a bilingual Montrealer, she failed the written section of a French test demanded by the Office de la Langue Française for non-Frenchophone Quebecers who want to work in certain jobs. Consequently, she lost her license to practice in the province. Her treatment has underscored the discrimination inherent in the law, which forces only non-Frenchophones to demonstrate their command of French grammatics and grammar.

Last week Carman sent an open letter to Camille Laurin who, as cultural affairs minister, authored Bill 101. "I am a victim of racial discrimination," she wrote. "How could you expect me to think of you and the Office as anything but fanatic zealots of the French language?"

Carman, 27, is not the first in her profession to become unemployed because of language laws. Between July, 1976, when the tests began, and April, 1981, 532 nurses and 263 men failed. But Carman is the first case to be taken up by prominent French-speaking Quebecers. The written tests are "stupid and inhumane, a scandal," fumed Montreal Gazette columnist Pierre Bourque. *La Presse* columnist Lyne Gagnon is equally contemptuous. "I'd be a year's salary that a good number of francophone Quebecers would think this test," she wrote after watching a few people striving to master the exam. She also, the last incident, a *francophone* metaphorical knowledge of the language.

Carman, who had to take the tests when she began working last June in a French-language hospital, *Centre Hospitalier*, scored 58 per cent on the oral exam ("I would have given her a perfect mark," says Bourque), who heard her speaking French as an open-line clerk, but she failed the written part by eight points.

Laurin, currently education minister, tried to defuse the discrimination fire bomb last week by suggesting that the Office de la Langue Française could lower the passing mark for men because they have less schooling than women who take the same exam. Skiffed Carman. "This not going to let them hear their sex by saying I'm not as smart as a man. They're just trying to give me back my job without solving the problem for everyone."

What worries Laurin and other hard-liners is that Carman's case marks the first time the incoherence of Bill 101 have been brought home to the average French Quebecer. Instead of the white-collared elite of a well-paid anglophone unwilling to learn French, Carman is the girl next door who has lost her job for good reason. She keeps turning up on French radio and TV denouncing the system in a familiar voice until Montrealers in the Office de la Langue Française were to have announced its "new test regulations" last week, which could give Carman her license back. But the Comité des Tests banded to the general outcry and decided to study the whole question of the examinations for a while longer. Meanwhile, the Office de la Langue Française, a government watchdog organization which is supposed to have been policing the language laws and other bureaucrats at the Office, has finally



Reverend: 'Stupid and inhumane' tests

sally came alive: members of the Council interviewed Carman at work's end. "It's not that they weren't aware of problems with the tests and other things at the Office, it's just that the Carman case is so devastating that they finally had to do something," said Graham Wicks, program director of the Council of Quebec Ministers. "Jeanne Carman's case made them feel enough to enough."

—ANNE BRONKH

TORONTO

The dark side of Barney Miller?

T he motto of Toronto's police is TO SERVE AND PROTECT. Sometimes there is a third duty—to defend themselves against charges of brutality. Such charges are, of course, common, given the often dubious characters of the people with whom police are forced to deal. But when seven MPPs, defense attorneys and representatives from 40 activist groups staged a sit-in at the police commission last week, claiming that policemen had beaten, shoved or tortured 12 men and women during the past year, Chief Jack Ackwood wasted no time in appointing three senior officers to investigate the charges.

The seven statements from 16 individuals, which were presented to the Toronto Board of Police Commissioners by CTRP, the Office's Independent Review of Police Activities, pointed to a wide range of mistreatment: punching, kicking and beating with billy clubs were the most common allegations. Several



Worin kicked by Commissioner Dennis Flynn and Winfield McKay and (below) Ackwood. The officer took a shiner...



men and they had been kicked in the groin. The incident took place from a man who said he passed out several times after a neck was placed over his head and he was punched and kicked by an officer.

In a separate submission, lawyer Thomas Martin, a CTRP member, presented another 28 charges of systematic beatings and tortures. Those allegations were contained in letters from eight criminal lawyers, who let loose a cascade of horror stories from anonymous clients. Lawyer Michael Cook described one man's ordeal with members of Toronto's hooded squad as "a night of terror." "The officers took my chest to

strip, handcuffed and tied him to a chair, blindfolded him, lowered what appeared to be a plastic bag over his head, twisted it at the bottom until it was tight and then, as my chest heaved, he began to suffocate and black out. The officer then took a stapler, opened it and placed it on my chest's sensitive area, threatening to staple it to the chair. As my chest felt the staples beginning to penetrate, he whispered out that he would sign the confession and do so."

Three sheep in wolf's clothing

I t was morning darkness on a late afternoon last December as nine soldiers from the Canadian Forces Service in Inuvik searched for single life on their snowshoes across a frozen lake. To that point, everything had been routine—the ground-search exercise they had just completed, the -60°C weather. Then, just four kilometers from the base, one of the men noticed snowmobile lights 500 metres away. Beyond later white rang out and three of the soldiers fell to the ground. The belief that hit M. Cpl. Louis Kabesh took two centimetres off the artery above his left knee. Cpl. Kevin Deschamps was shot in the abdomen and both he and M. Cpl. Jack Wilson reached by words.

Last month Edward Elliot, an Inuit hunter from Inuvik, was convicted of criminal negligence in the bizarre accident, but the police who passed sentence—two years probation, 180 hours of community service, six months suspension from working Inuvik—acknowledged that there were many mili-

tiary, ethnic and activist groups to help people vent complaints against the police, discourage people from going to Toronto's law police except in extreme cases, lawyer Sidney London. CTRP members feel the legislation that created Canada's past three months ago lacks objectivity because it allows police officers to investigate others in the force.

Metra Chisham Paul Gaffney, who also serves as a member of the police commission, publicly denounced CTRP last month as a "bribe" group with many members who were "integrated and may not know what they have got themselves into." But CTRP Chairman Mark Weinberg says the group won't quit, bounding the record officers until its recommendations, including the installation of videotape equipment to record interrogations, are adopted. "We're considering going to the next level meeting. If nothing has been done, we might call for a public inquiry," he said, intimating that the appointment of three cops to investigate the city's 18-member hold-up squad—one of the main targets of the activists—is not good enough. Nevertheless, commission Chairman Philip Green, a former Toronto mayor, warned that unless CTRP and the lawyers are willing to supply the names of all complainants and police officers, it may take a long time to achieve a better solution. The question remains: who is serving—and protecting—whom? —CAROL BRUMAN

giving factors in the case. Kibishis of clothing worn by the ground party had been crucial to the proceedings. All nine soldiers were dressed in standard-issue military parkas and wind pants, white socks and white balaclavas, making them not much more than wolf-in-sheep in the fading light. Elliot had thought they were wolves. When he reached out, he was met with a knife. He threw his rifle away and looked disgusted with himself.

The incident has resulted in a new armed forces policy that will brighten the spirit as well as the wardrobe of the soldiers. It will include training exercises and an on-site-and-on-call military police and wind pants, white socks and white balaclavas, making them not much more than wolf-in-sheep in the fading light. Elliot had thought they were wolves. When he reached out, he was met with a knife. He threw his rifle away and looked disgusted with himself.

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—ASHA PRASAD

Southern Europe marches to the left

By Maeri McDonald

The shouts of disbelief came first, then a hailstorm of abuse shattered the soft autumnal dusk Constitution Square erupted into a delirious arm-locked moshpit dance of thousands. In the streets, tears flowed and strangers embraced. In tavernas, photos were smashed with fists. Barely 30 minutes after the polling stations had closed, the grave face of outgoing Prime

put its newly installed constitution on trial and found it capable of sustaining change, even to the extent of installing a social democratic government in the heart of one of Europe's most traditionally conservative nations. Democracy had been confirmed. How some stubborn late-blooming Sower, in the very soil in which it was first sowed. Crowds hoisted a flower-decked coffin through the streets to Omonia Square shouting, "Tonight the right has died." Crowds the Athens daily *Kathimerini* "Democ-



Papandreu (above) and political supporters: 'today Greece, tomorrow Spain'

Minister George Rallis appeared to concede what the ecstasy of Athens had already made clear: with a stunning tidal wave engulfing 174 of parliament's 300 seats, Andreas Papandreu's Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) had swept Greece into a brave new epoch, an little known as it was long-awaited Socialism came to the Republic of Plato, and with its coming, the country had triumphed in its greatest recent test.

After decades of kings and colonialism, oppression and corruption, Greece had

enjoy a new fanfare in our country as perhaps at no other time in its history."

If there was gloating in some quarters, however, there was also at the opulent white marble villa in suburban Kifissos. There the charismatic 62-year-old economist who orchestrated the first learned of the triumph of the party he had first spawned on the better rock of exile little more than a decade earlier (see box). As 25,000 supporters crowded under his balcony and cheered PASOK's arch-enemy Kostas Karamanlis (had to the



Right: Boris Papandreu emerged to set a tone of moderation. His would be a government "of all Greeks," he said, bent on reassuring those at home who were nervous about his "socialist" progress. For Greece's allies abroad—just as his plaudits from the European Community and NATO—Papandreu also had comforting words: "In no way shall we lead the country into any adventure," he promised.

Just what he meant—and how much he will further dilute the platform he had already watered down during the last weeks of his campaign—only the coming months will tell. His immediate installation of notably moderate, like-minded cabinet ministers, most of whom—like him—had ordered jobs and exile of an earlier military junta, was taken as a reassuring sign.

But as Washington teemed with wary disbelief at the news of a victory followed at least in part on unabashed anti-Americanism—sending U.S. nuclear missiles and four military bases packing—through in other capitals across Europe linked arms with Athens in jubilation. It was to them that Papandreu addressed himself during the flush of election night celebrations. At one point, he turned to French television cameras willing among his well-manicured rose gardens to proclaim that his win was not just a fact for Greece but an omen of a far wider phenomenon to come.

"We have chosen the road leading to socialism," he said. "France is the west, Greece is the east. Together we shall change Europe." Thus, yet acknowledged what socialists across the continent were thinking as news of PASOK's landslide electrified the airwaves. "It seems that the socialist wave registered in France last June has crossed the Mediterranean," excited *Vitronique* North, the French Socialist Party's secretary for international affairs. The *Quotidien de Paris* hailed Papandreu's upset as a victory "à la française," and the leftish daily *Le Monde* boasted that it had been inspired in part by the example of his close friend, President François Mitterrand.

In fact, Papandreu and his fan-boyish new minister of culture, Melina Mercouri (on Sunday) Mervous, had pilgrimage to Paris for the first row seats of honor at Mitterrand's inauguration last May. From her home seat of France, where she had seen what had never before occurred in Greek history—a transfer of power to the left—the actress-cum-MP threw a hearty embrace of thanks. "So the French people who opened the way for the Socialists and our victory."

Just how strongly the two socialist sweeps were linked was impossible to measure, though Mitterrand had sent his own minister of culture and close friend Jack Lang to Greece three weeks earlier to drumbeat for Papandreu. In both countries, however, the link was the stagnation and corruption of entrenched power—as well as an overriding economic malaise—had undeniably been the major factor in the turnabout. Along with a massive psychological boost, the French Socialist who had provided battle tactics for their Greek comrades to follow. Adopting Mitterrand's assured "quiet force" image, Papandreu had also borrowed his rallying cry: "The time for change has come"—*Prós ton allagis*.

In Madrid, where PASOK's triumph buoyed up the four-day 20th annual congress of the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party last week, party leader Felipe Gonzalez underlined that France and Greece were not isolated electoral fakes. He also put his finger on what may be the driver of a new political tide overtaking Europe. "Perhaps we are experiencing an historic phenomenon," he declared, "a transfer of the socialist centre of gravity from the north of Europe to the south."

Gonzalez had every reason for wanting to highlight that drift. The fate of his party in Spain's 1983 general elections will either cement or refute the trend. But with Spain's politicians already looking him as a favorite in the race, he showed that he had more than a popularist's taste in Papandreu's cheering. In the last week of the campaign, the dashing 36-year-old Spanish labor lawyer went campaigning in Greece. Against the heart-stopping onslaught bulldozing of Karamanlis, he had heard Papandreu advise his listeners: before 300,000 voters (halfway assembled in Aristotle Square with the prophecy: "Tomorrow France, today Greece, tomorrow Spain."

With two thirds of that formula now in place, political trend-watchers are focusing on what remains to be a new new hybrid signaling its arrival as the continent. Dubbed everything from Mediterranean Socialism to Southern Socialism, it is a particular species. It has flowered on the volatile, occasionally oppressed southern European shores, while the world focused on the sophisticated social democrats of the industrialized, largely Protestant north.

Born out of mainly agricultural and heavily Catholic societies, the new socialism's distinctive bag marries and colonialism are taken not so much from any ideology, what is included, first and foremost, is a concerted will to reshape con-



Papadopoulos with Mercouris and (right) Theodorakis: more nationalism

Bad memories are made of this

It seemed like an opportune moment for Toronto's York University to make its pitch. York was trying to woo one of the world's top economists into its fold, and he was clearly available. At the time, Andreas Papadopoulos was languishing in solitary confinement in a Greek jail following the country's April, 1967, coup. Titled Kahn, York's special annuary, made the job offer to the jailed economist's wife in an Athens hotel lobby crisscrossing with secret police or plainclothes. But while York authorities anticipated problems getting Papadopoulos out of jail, they were surprised by the obstacles they encountered from another quarter. The Canadian government was less than keen to admit the man who last week led his Greek socialist party to a stunning victory.

Official Canadian reaction to the election gave every indication that the debate 60-year-old would now be more than welcome in Canada. But relations have not always been as harmonious. Former York president Murray Ross recalls that several high-ranking government members were reluctant to admit Papadopoulos. "We had to put up with a lot of pressure from the federal government," says Ross. In fact, it was not until Ross himself told then external affairs minister Mitchell Sharp that he would take the case to the Canadian Civil Liberties Association—and the press—that Canada came up with a visa.

Ross says he could not understand

Canada's objections at the time because Papadopoulos's political leanings were no further left than the NDP's. He suspects that there may have been pressure on Canada from the United States, which was exasperated in the coup that overthrew the democratic government in which Papadopoulos was minister of economic co-ordination. Sharp, however, says that he does not recall any American pressure and he insists that Canadian reluctance stemmed from fears that Papadopoulos would use his base at York to agitate against Greece's military government. Once admitted in 1968, Papadopoulos did just that, holding meetings, making speeches and raising the Panhellenic Liberation Movement.

York campus: political awakening



that of south country's individualistic foreign policy. At the same time, it is part of a drive to turn a collective face toward the Mediterranean, where socialism resonates itself as a potentially powerful continuity of concerns and culture. As Gonzalez told the cheering crowds in Salónica: "The Mediterranean does not belong to its people, but to others. It is endangered by the presence of a powerful military force that possesses the world with atomic weapons and neutron bombs."

Believing that they are important responsibilities of the south seem to be struggling to exert their own measured independence. Gonzalez, like Mitterrand and Papadopoulos, opposes his country's membership in NATO. And when Papadopoulos recently renounced his initial campaign promise to drag Greece out of the alliance—it only rejected last year after a six-year protest at the "NATO" of NATO's location when Turkey

out of Toronto until he returned to Greece in 1974. Sharp says his ministry called Papadopoulos to task on several occasions for his political activities. "Our relations were a bit awkward," he adds.

Staying out of politics was never easy for Papadopoulos. His father, George, was the head of the Greek government-in-exile during the Second World War, later becoming prime minister. As a result, Andreas has long been immersed in politics, with forays into the academic world whenever the heat got too great. Impressed for underground activities in 1939, the young Papadopoulos went on to international acclaim as an economist at Harvard and the University of California at Berkeley. When he returned to Greek politics—and to a Greek jail for eight months—it was his academic credentials that saved his life. A group of high-powered economists, including John Kenneth Galbraith, put such pressure on the White House that Lyndon Johnson is reported to have called Athens with instructions to "lay off that son of a bitch, whatever his name is."

An unflinching lecturer who specializes in theoretical economics, Papadopoulos surprises even himself with his characteristic political performance. York economist John Benirsch recalls Papadopoulos playing back tapes of his political speeches and chuckling over his own dynamics. "It was so unlike his normal style," says Benirsch.

With his resounding victory, Papadopoulos at last has a chance to put into action some of his liberal political dreams. If the tumultuous cheering of Greek crowds following Sand's decision is any indication, it may be a long time before he makes another return to the academic world. —LENN NEQUIN

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invaded Cyprus—he prepared instead a letter to be based on the French model.

Enrique Paganeros and Gonzalez, Mediterranean exiles in the U.S. determined to maintain neutral warheads in Europe to ease off the Soviets—and in even going as far as the development of his own atomic bomb to prevent it. But that may be partly because France is as much as Atlantic as a Mediterranean nation. "You can hardly tell France from a wholly Mediterranean country," notes Le Monde's diplomatic editor, André Fontaine.

Nevertheless, for all his coolly considered southern European air, Mitterrand, who was born in France's southwest, has played perhaps the leading role as gadfly in the Mediterranean.

While France has not been a member of NATO's high command ever since President Charles de Gaulle started out in 1966, it remains a member of the treaty organization.



Spain's Gonzalez broadens the base

socialist alliance. In March, 1980, he invited his fellow southern socialist leaders, including Bettino Craxi of Italy and Mario Soares of Portugal, to a think-session in Paris. The following September he directed Jack Lang, then the socialist minister chairman, to or-

chestrate a vast conference at St. Maurice on the Riviera. The purpose, ostensibly, was to present the socialist Americanization of their culture. The conferees brought together artists, architects and, not incidentally, socialist politicians to affirm what Lang called "a Mediterranean consciousness—a will to live Mediterranean." It is the chosen strategy, staged on the historic 34 miles of Marseille-Monaco coast while Paganeros and Mitterrand mounted the podium to embrace in a final, prophetic electoral throes. At the time, both were out of power—a head that has snugged most Mediterranean socialist chiefs in a shared sense of underdogry. It has not, however, their personal one either that so many have been imprisoned as resistance fighters—against the Nazis or national dictators—as have others even further to the left. His comrade, Mario Theodorakis, elected in northern Greece as a

In the face of nearly three million unemployed and crushing interest rates that some advance opinion polls even suggested that the Conservative's John Birtwell, a 46-year-old surgeon, might keep home third. But Croxley, whose 19th-century terraced estate round a glowering core of office towers, has yet to feel the grim pinch of the debt games, even if mortgage repayments on his three middle-class homes have been rising.

For his part, Labour's Stan Robin, a 46-year-old local teacher, suffered from interminable waiting with his party. He was also hit by what has been termed "the Liverpool Factor"—violent expropriation with the economic repercussions of Ken Livingstone, left-wing leader of the Greater London Council. In the wake of an IRA car bomb that killed two people in central London recently, Livingstone chose to reinforce his view that the IRA is "the real enemy of our society" and that it should be treated as a serious political force. Equally destructive of Labour's chances were the large additional bills for property tax delivered last week to publicize Livingstone's cuts in subsidize transport fares. These cuts clearly benefit intensely motorists.

Their measure of Piff's victory, however, is that his 40-per-cent share of the vote sliced large chunks off both parties' support to bring the alliance's parliamentary strength to 31 (15 Labour, 16 Alliance). And that may be the worst of it: not computer calculation that if the swing were repeated nationally the alliance would all but 38 of the Commons' 635 seats. In Britain, too, the mass seemed to favor a sweeping change of power, even if it was less radical than in southern Europe.

CLARE KENNEDY

Communist. These battles have given the socialist parties another distinctive marking: youth. Mitterrand created his socialist force only 16 years ago from the coalition of socialist leftist currents. It is barely five years since Gonzalez led Spain's socialists out of their long clandestine march under Franco.

Paganeros's party, first forged as the Panhellenic Laborist Movement (PAP) to oppose the junta after his 1967 ousterment, was only when the socialist PAROS in 1974. Says Robin Sears, the Canadian New Democratic federal secretary: "What did not even exist 10 years ago has suddenly become, at least on the major level, at least one of the two major parties in these countries. Partly because of their youth, the parties of southern Europe share an incredible dynamism, zeal and dynamism."

The Italian socialists are the exception to that rule. They polled a stout 36 per cent in the last national elections and yet labor is the long shadow of Europe's largest, least dogmatic and most successful Communist party. Not clearcut are the mid-century strength of the Eurocommunist has been at the expense of that much headlined phenomenon, Eurocommunism. "In the 1970s a lot of socialists were being their fingers about it," says Sears, who is about to take up a new post as assistant general secretary of the Socialist International in London. "Now what is being shown is that the Communists are not the only chosen party of the left in Europe."

That fact has not escaped notice in Moscow, where communists welcoming Paganeros's victory were noticeably restrained.

For their part, Mario Soares' Portuguese socialists currently seem only halfhearted to win a second run at parliament after their landslide in 1966 to 1976. But they did beguile their fellow Mediterranean socialists a blueprint for a vast nationalization program. And their lack of success has failed to discourage either Mitterrand or Paganeros, who remain to "insulate" Greece's banking, shipbuilding, pharmaceutical and co-

ment industries. Paganeros, in turn, is unlikely to have second thoughts as a result of Piff's shambles during the French parliament's nationalization debate, when proceedings became so ugly that security guards had to surround the socialist majority from the opposition.

In Spain, Gonzalez has mostly earned all references to Marxists or nationalizations from his platform, as a determined push toward modernization. It cost him his left wing's promise at last week's congress, but it has been mount-



Mitterrand (left) with Paganeros in Washington, D.C., after their victory in the elections

ing popularity for the party. In general, however, the Mediterranean socialists show a willingness to chart more radical courses than their northern counterparts. Their socialism is distinctly unbusinesslike—as evidenced by Paganeros's call to rid Greece of its American military presence—and stems from long-standing resentment of an economic and military domination which has produced few tangible returns. That shared sense of exploitation has also placed them closer to the Third World and it spilled over into last

week's North-South summit at Geneva (page 38). There, Mitterrand not only argued the South's case with particular conviction but allowed the personal ostentatious of a fellow socialist to snuff at American insistence that Salvadoran revolutionary leader Guillermo Ungo is a Communist.

Even Europe's northern socialists have taken heart from Paganeros's victory which, ironically, comes just as the situation in the continent itself was being written. Some analysts even say it as a portent for Britain's new Social Democratic Party and Liberal Alliance (see box). But Paganeros's bridge to last Greece out of the European Community, which it joined only 10 months ago—recently modified by his promise to hold a referendum on the subject—is not again a reason for them to cheer. If he manages merely to secure renegotiation of Greece's terms of entry, his example might make it more difficult for the Spanish and Portuguese to convince the EC that they could be counted on as reliable members of the group they are granted community membership eventually.

However, for Edmund Sillman, director of the Hudson Institute in Europe, Paganeros's victory is not particularly disturbing in itself. "What would cause 'real trouble' is the idea that the installation of 'other radical regimes'—such development, in Sillman's view, might poison the continent against an increasingly conservative Germany—such as mention Ronald Reagan's United States

Box if the standards of socialists still remains to be tested on a far-ranging issue, one thing is certain: whether it is spelled alliance, as it is in Athens, or is chosen as in Paris, change has come to the shores where Hellos' ships once spread their copper masts over the known world. As the central question of Piff's win is how wide is now moving over the Mediterranean."

WIN: Jacques Savaris and Michael Samuels in Athens; David Ford in Madrid and Michael Power in Washington.

History written on the hustings

Voters in the south London dormitory riding of Croxley Northwest were urged to use a decisive vote to lead to "a new history." They did precisely that last week by returning the first MP to be elected under the banner of the new Social Democratic Party (SDP) and Liberal Alliance. The result, which represented a 30-per-cent swing, marked a significant first step toward the alliance's avowed objective to "break the model of British politics."

Appropriately, the successful candidate, William (Bill) Pitt, is the son of one of the most famous figures in British political pastime. William Pitt the Younger, who entered Parliament at the age of 21 in 1780 and became Britain's youngest prime minister three years later. But otherwise the resemblance is slight. Bill Pitt, at 44, three times failed to win Croxley for the Liberals. And were it not for the current polarization of British politics, which has seen both Tories and Labour retreating to their respective estranged wings, he would almost certainly still be in the wilderness.

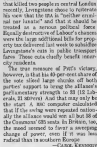
Nevertheless, the alliance's first parliamentary win—it had previously scored only in local council elections—was a stunner. Piff, a bearded local government official, matched a seat that the Conservatives have held since 1948, turning their 2,759 majority into a 254-vote margin. The Alliance-Liberal official opposition party, created only a five-year-old swing for victory but was pushed headlong into this place.

Liberal leader David Steel immediately declared that the alliance is "new and unrepeatable." Pitt, in his victory

speech, said that Croxley showed that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government has "no safe seat." The alliance's exploits will be put to the test later this year. The showdown will likely take place on Dec. 3, when Shirley Williams, a former Labour minister and a founding member of the SDP, tries to rout the Tories in the prosperous Liverpool suburb of Croxley—which the Conservatives won in the 1978 general election with a massive 19,000 majority.

The Tories' defeat in Croxley was a resounding blow for the party—and its leader. So unpopular is Thatcher's unyielding pursuit of monetarist policies

Pitt and wife, Janet: "Breaking the mould"



Unrest with a violent fringe

The essay in Poland, it seemed to be the prelude to a declaration of martial law. As the country teetered toward chaos last week, the new administration of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski declared that special army units are preparing for nationwide deployment to hold the line against industrial ferment and protests over food shortages. The announcement that troops will be used to keep the peace was a startling development by the standards of a country that has grown accustomed to a succession of shambles. It came only days after Jaruzelski, a 58-year-old career officer known for his moderation, had succeeded Stanislaw Kania as Communist party boss.



Jaruzelski (left) with Kania (center) "ask what could start a civil war"

Extraordinary measures," he added. Even so, the announcement was couched in terms that made it clear that the army, which commands little popular respect, will also have a benevolent role. It will help bring assistance to a destitute nation before the onset of an icy winter. Among other things, the spokesman said, the army will assist in extraordinary measures."

Even so, the announcement was couched in terms that made it clear that the army, which commands little popular respect, will also have a benevolent role. It will help bring assistance to a destitute nation before the onset of an icy winter. Among other things, the spokesman said, the army will assist in extraordinary measures."

The decision was taken only after the army's leaders had failed to agree on a future strategy that would be acceptable to the government. At one point Warsaw union spokesmen Jacek Gorylowski warned colleagues that "we shall start a civil war." But that didn't seem to impress the government. In announcing the army's new role, a spokesman later blamed Solidarity for creating "anarchy and disorganization."

"An extraordinary situation calls for

improving food supplies and distributing housing aid.

At week's end there was no clear indication of how the 95,000-man-strong Solidarity movement would respond to the emergency measures. Observers here the union leadership might secretly welcome a direct army role in disciplining its wilder adherents and preventing a slide into anarchy, which would inevitably bring even more severe countermeasures. But whether thousands of members would accept the presence of military patrols outside factory gates was another question.

Nor was it clear that Jaruzelski's accession as the army was a sign that the government is preparing for a final showdown with Solidarity. Jaruzelski had warned that the leadership could not retreat any further in its conflict with the union—words that delighted Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. The Soviet leader promptly sent a telegram to Warsaw praising Jaruzelski as a staunch border of Soviet-Polish friendship.

in taking over from Kania, Jaruzelski had warned that the leadership could not retreat any further in its conflict with the union—words that delighted Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. The Soviet leader promptly sent a telegram to Warsaw praising Jaruzelski as a staunch border of Soviet-Polish friendship.

A poverty-stricken Polish home skirting economic problems it deal with



But to govern modern Poland, Jaruzelski probably needs Solidarity as much as he needs the army. In fact, he admitted as much last week when he put out feelers to the union—via Pope's Roman Catholic priest, Archbishop Józef Glemp—on the possibility of sharing power at the national level. Furthermore, Jaruzelski, whose climb to the top began in February when he was named premier, has firmly convinced himself to adopt his predecessor Kania's tenet "the process of socialist renewal" and he has signaled that he will not engage against the workers.

The new leader is a plump, milky-looking figure who is often pictured wearing dark glasses and puffing distastefully at a cigarette the smoke more than two packs a day. But he has proved to be a surprisingly forceful public figure. His speech at last July's party congress—at which he was elected to the politburo with more votes than any other candidate—was notable in the otherwise banal press coverage for its imaginative grasp of Poland's ills.

The general also enjoys a degree of favor with the public that the lackluster Kania—an opportunist who was thrust into the leadership at the height of last year's crisis—never managed to earn. In fact, it was Jaruzelski's relative popularity, born out of respect for his uniform and his honest-John ways, that made him Kania's obvious successor. But whether it will carry him over the coming weeks is far from certain. He still has to find a way to deal simultaneously with sudden emergencies, interminable problems and a deepening challenge from Solidarity's rank and file—along with pressing calls from his Soviet bloc allies—to bring Poland instantly into line. Finally, under any of those headings, could be:

—PETER LEWIS



Portillo meets Indira Gandhi (above); Trudeau with Whitford (below)



defined in the UN forum itself." In other words, will the afflictions of the poor countries be treated by agencies dominated by the rich, or is the General Assembly, where every country casts an equal vote and the poor have the majority?

Trudeau had been working at the sharp end of the issue for months. At the semi-annual Ottawa summit, in July, U.S. President Ronald Reagan was convinced for the first time to consider preparing for global negotiations. But in Canada, Reagan added his own conditions. "We should enter a proviso that the agencies do the work and that their decisions be final."

After waiting for a day and a half (telling us as chairman for America's aging chancellor, Bruno Kreisky), Trudeau and his officials thought they could achieve a compromise. He blarneyed the British between the US and its agencies, and by rewording the U.S. conditions so they would be amiable to the South, the Canadians hoped that they could bring about a start to global negotiations by year-end. In earlier bargaining, Reagan's people were agreeable to some other northern nations. With backing from the Mexican hosts, the Canadian proposals were broad support among the 14 least developed countries.

Then the conference collapsed. By noon of the final session was prepared for an hour, a tactical blunder—and in that time southern opponents of the Trudeau plan maneuvered alive with the argument that Washington was not being pushed hard enough. Rejecting Trudeau's gradualist approach—aimed, he said, at getting the Americans to the table—the 22 newly settled for a declaration of the need for global negotiations, thus imposing no duty on Washington to start bargaining. "I think," said Trudeau of the poor countries,

MEXICO

The collapse of a consensus

The fireworks were intended as a pleasant finale. But as leaders from 22 countries slipped coffee on a stifling Mexican terrace, a sickle Mexican breeze shattered them with sparks and embers, forcing them to flinch and dash. To Pierre Trudeau, one of the architects of last week's North-South gathering, it was an unwanted reminder that affairs of state too often end in disappointment. Only hours before he had his advisers had come close to securing a diplomatic triumph. By dinner they had failed.

Nevertheless, the participants left for home Saturday still in friendly spirits and that in itself was something of an achievement. Autocrats and democrats, Marxists and a Republican, they were an extraordinary assortment as they discussed the searing issues of poverty and injustice that divide the world. To a striking degree they agreed on goals—trade liberalization, and for the very poorest, the need for every country to aim for self-sufficiency in food. But for a few hours on the last day, it seemed that much more would be achieved: a break in the deadlock that has stalled a global conference on North-South questions for more than a year.

For all the diplomatic hoopla, the global negotiations came in single—and crucial: will United Nations take on the whole array of North-South issues be settled in its specialized agencies (the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and others), or will they be



Reagan with help at conference, a fine belief in the corporate solution

"They do not understand the Americans as well as some of the northern countries." Just as unhelpfully, he conceded that Washington had probably killed any chance of setting up an energy alliance at the World Bank—a scheme, supported by many countries, for channeling petro-dollars into poor-country energy development.

If the Canadian attempt at mediation, however, Trudeau's reign as chairman was judged remarkably effective. He enforced an edict against speedbreeding from the start, giving Reagan's long-winded president, Shiva Shagar, a nap after the allotted 15 minutes. Aides occasionally slipped him reminder notes as speakers passed the limo and equi-minute marks. One official even wielded a pocket calculator with a beeper to keep time. The result: a free-wheeling exchange of a kind rarely held in the paper-shuffled confines of diplomatic discourse. For some, said Trudeau, being contradicted in debate was a novel and "probably a shattering experience."

While they may have bit on touchy subjects, they avoided specific solutions for a world in which a billion people suffer chronic malnutrition. There was also a vast gulf between Washington and just about everywhere else. To most, the spreading agencies of hunger and disease are proof of a failure in the world's economic system. The Americans prescribed bigger doses of corporate investment for much of what ails the poor countries.

For all that, there was widespread acceptance that aid is no answer except for the poorest of the poor, who can neither generate their own investment nor attract it from abroad. The development agreements have shifted instead to trade, commodity agreements to support prices for primary producers, easier financing terms and—most of all—poor countries' demands for more power in international institutions.

There, however, lies the biggest gap of all. Washington has no wish to con-

front the nuclear force of more than 100 undeclared countries. Said Reagan: "What you have to do is to go on one with these nations and say 'What is your problem?'" But going on one against the rich and powerful Americans is a daunting prospect for any country.

—JOHN HAY

SCOTLAND

Fallout from a nuclear faux pas

Despite the fall chill, the vast crowd in London's Hyde Park last Saturday was grating off plenty of steam. "Weinberger, warmonger!" the demonstrators shouted as a succession of speakers condemned the projected deployment of cruise missiles in Britain—and U.S. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger. It was Europe's second six-figure demonstration in two weeks. In Germany, a crowd of 250,000 had already demonstrated the strength of the current ground swell against nuclear weapons.

Earlier, as NATO ministers met in Scotland's rambling Gleneagles golf resort, the atmosphere had been much more peaceful. Phantoms strided across the fairways of the four championship courses, red deer jostled herds of security men in the bracken. A date (Nov. 28) had already been fixed for the start of talks to reduce tactical nuclear missiles in Europe and Weinberger was

all set to explain this satisfactory state of affairs to his colleagues.

At that point, however, there exploded one of those diplomatic demons that are all the more destructive for their untidy timing. In Washington, President Ronald Reagan was asked at a newspaper editors' lunch if he thinks a limited nuclear war is possible. Replied the president: "I could see where you could have the exchange of tactical weapons against troops in the field without it bringing either one of the major powers to grabbing the button."

This apparent acknowledgment that he could envisage fighting a nuclear war in Europe, and possibly avoid disaster at home, seemed to give substance to allegations by European anti-nuclear forces that the Americans might intend to do just that. Condemnation was swift, especially in West Germany, where nerves have been severely stretched by current NATO plans and the U.S. announcement that Washington plans to build the neutron weapon. Weinberger's attempts to brush the gaffe aside only heightened anxiety.

Technically, Weinberger was correct in asserting that Reagan had said nothing new. The NATO strategy of flexible response, introduced in the 1960s—and consistently upheld by Reagan—envisages that short-range nuclear weapons would be used before any resort to intercontinental missiles. But NATO's



Weinberger (above) and London demonstration (below), flexible response



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European members, fearful that the United States might decide that its fate is not inevitably coupled to theirs, have always stressed the need with which a limited exchange would lead to full nuclear war.

By week's end, the message that the allies had been seriously embarrassed seemed to have penetrated official Washington. Reagan, on his way to Bremen tonight, said that "the aggressor should believe that the use of nuclear weapons in Europe would reasonably be limited to Europe." Any military threat to Europe would be regarded as a threat to the United States itself. Weinberger added that he could understand much of the concern. "Anything that motivates 800,000 people to go anywhere and do anything should be taken seriously," he said. But that, to many of those taking part in the London march, seemed merely to prove how necessary their outing was.

—IAN MATHIE

AUSTRALIA

The F-18 Hornet stings the Falcon

After nearly a decade of agonizing, the Australian government announced last week that it has picked the McDonnell Douglas F-18A Hornet—instead of the General Dynamics F-16 Falcon—as the country's next fighter aircraft. Describing the plane as "magical," Defense Minister John Wilkes declared that 75 will be purchased over the next 10 years at a price of more than \$1 billion—the country's largest arms purchase.

For the competing agonizing, the fight had been intense and expensive. In the past year alone they spent millions of dollars in public relations battles. But defense officials were set as the superlative technical features of the F-18A, despite an admission by the Australian air force procurement chief, Air Vice-Marshal Bill Hughes, that the F-16 had the edge in combat. Although the Hornet was more expensive, the officials argued, it required less maintenance and had fewer engines than the Falcon's two.

Neither sides announced—nor the \$500 million and \$200 million promised in the deal for the Australian aerospace industry—amonged the F-18's critics, however. Like their counterparts in Canada—who is buying 150 Hornets—they are worried by the F-16's quick rebuild, design flaws and escalating cost. Solid Labor opposition leader Bill Hayden "In terms of real costs, we have not been given all the facts; the dust has been thrown in our eyes."

—PHILIP G. HERRICK

U.S.A.

The time-bomb economy



Used cars at Detroit Chrysler plant, near 100,000, Kadlow: just another carwash



By Michael Posner

The news was disturbing, but hardly unexpected. By virtually every statistical index, the U.S. economy last week dropped into the topgutter of recession, the country's second in two years. How long it will last and how severe it may be are the leading items of debate among the nation's economists. And in Washington, speculation about its possible impact on the 1982 congressional elections is rampant.

The president himself casually confirmed the lethargic drift of his indices, noting that the economy has entered a slight and, he hopes, not recession. But with new housing starts and domestic auto sales reaching near-record lows, with industrial production and durable goods orders in steady decline, and with unemployment up and corporate profits down, the White House collaboration seemed superficial.

The recession's principal cause is not difficult to locate. The private economy has dropped a few points from its recent peak, but even at current levels is choking off the infusions of capital needed to spur recovery. In turn, high interest rates stem from both the Federal Reserve Board's tight money policy and the staggering federal debt. The deficit makes Washington a fierce competitor for funds in the marketplace to meet its financial obligations, a close relationship—contingent, cynical, profitable, the available supply.

It is so evident that Treasury Secre-

tary Donald Regan and other administration voices have lately been among at the Fed. If it relaxed its grip, interest rates would quickly return to more reasonable levels, softening the recession's impact. But the Fed, as independent agency, is committed to its course. It believes that only a firm brake on the growth of the money supply can reverse the relentless inflationary spiral.

The federal deficit poses yet another dilemma. Last week the nation's debt leaped to a new high water mark, one trillion dollars. Interest payments alone now cost the Treasury \$100 billion a year. They soak third in federal spending, behind defense and social security.

Reducing the debt and balancing the budget by 1984 could take the same year of the president's political credibility. But the deficit appears to be mounting faster than the budget office's ability to cut government spending. And the probability is that recession will only widen the breach. As unemployment climbs (perhaps as high as eight per cent by early next year), tax revenues inevitably fall and federal welfare payments will increase.

Until recently, the administration's response has at least been consistent: more cuts in non-defense programs. As depicted in this happy scenario, the budget would be balanced just as the three-year tax cut unleashed a total wave of new investment, revitalizing the engines of supply-side economics. But the old habits are. The business ministers, do not tally. The tax cut is no longer and the defense budget so huge that

almost no amount of congressional surgery adds up to a balanced budget by 1984.

Reganites themselves have begun to estimate as much. Appearing last week before the Senate budget committee, administration economist Lawrence Kadlow said it now behooved senators to consider new "revenue enhancement measures." Kadlow's underlying message was a call for increased taxes. Several such proposals have already been advanced, among them hikes in excise duty on liquor and tobacco, plugging existing loopholes, even a possible delay in the already approved Congress, however, will balk at tax increases. As New York Congressman Jack Kemp, himself a Reagan loyalist, put it, "You don't raise taxes during a recession." Not, he might have added, during an election year.

The president's men are not inclined to surrender just yet. "The problem for the next six months," explains Jerry Jordan, of the Council of Economic Advisors, "is to restore the inherent resilience of the economy and to resist the temptations to do something different with policy." Or, as the Wall Street Journal editorialized: "We have nothing to panic about except panic itself."

But the longer the recession lasts, the more damage it will inflict to the federal deficit and to Republican chances in 1982. In theory, recession dampens inflation and reduces interest rates. But even these positive consequences may yet be denied to the president. Stillman economist Henry Kaufman, the retiring Commander of Wall Street, warns that in the next six months the Treasury will need to borrow \$65 billion. He predicts, will send interest rates to new highs, voiding the effect of the Reagan tax cut.

A bloody revival

A fervent remnant of '60s political fervor last week, in the wake of a bloody, laughter-filled riot in a New York suburb. By week's end four people had been shot dead, about 10 were injured and what appears to be the last fragment of the Weather Underground was either captured or on the run. What remained was evidence that the revolutionary left-wing group, descended from the militant Students for a Democratic Society, had linked up with the Black Liberation Army, itself an offshoot of the Black Panther, and had lost none of its inclination to seek change through the barrel of a gun.

The week's drama started when three men sought from a van in a suburban shopping plaza with weapons blazing. They killed a Brink's guard, injured his



Brooklyn under arrest: not at all downcast

two colleagues and escaped \$1.5 million from their vehicle. Then thugs started to surround Two of the three getaway cars were stopped at roadblocks. One escaped in a blaze of gunfire, but the other car crashed and in the ensuing firefight two Nyack, N.Y., policemen were killed and four people were captured. At that stage police thought they had a large-scale and serious, but otherwise normal, robbery. That changed when Federal Bureau of Investigation computer files started spitting out some alarming names. Chief among these was that of Katherine Buddin, 38, the Weather Underground veteran who was last seen 11 years ago running naked from the wreckage of a Greenwich Village townhouse destroyed by an accident in the group's basement bomb factory.

Using license plate numbers to follow the trail, police noted apartments throughout the New York area, discovering evidence of arms, blueprints of police stations and names of policemen targeted for death. It was all evidence that the Weather Underground was still in business. It had been dormant for the past five years and was thought to have withered as most of Buddin's generation had been captured or had surrendered over the past several years. But last week's events indicate it has joined with the Black Liberation Army, a group that has claimed responsibility for the murders of several New York policemen over the past few years. That suspicion hardened into a certainty when police spotted one of the robbery getaway cars Friday heading toward John F. Kennedy International Airport. After a chase, police killed one man and captured another after he was pinned as he tried point-blank at the officers. He turned out to be Nat Barnes, a 38-year-old fugitive from 1968 charges involving a Black Panther bombing campaign.

Police were searching for far more people over the weekend and, although it looked as if it had marked the group's first major win, it could have been a victory over the violent remains of a cowardly anarchy for the.

—WILLIAM LAWRENCE

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Peter Hodgson was once "hungry, rocky and funny" enough to make Bill an hour giving his music an Ottawa street corners. Then, in 1977, with his stage name **Shammy White**, he began to impersonate **Mark Williams** and hasn't played streets or clubs he calls "colleagues" since. Mark Williams, *The Shame It Never Gets*, with such allies as **Yves Desjardins** and **Paul and Louis**, once I could give, sang in the steadily deteriorating manner of their originator, has been performed more than 200 times in North America. This month an album, *Shammy White's Shammy Williams*, is due, a made-for-TV movie is in the can and a six-week tour of Europe is set for the end of 1982. When he gives the confounding New Year's Eve performance next year in West Berlin, it will mark the 30th anniversary of Williams' drunken and dragged death in the back of a chauffeur-driven Cadillac at age 39. But Hodgson, 38, who still works as a stagehand between gigs, has no worries about ending up that way. "Hank had huge pressures and huge talent," he says. "I just don't have those things."



Hodgson as Hank, no huge pressures

Innovative puppeteer **Paula Miriti** calls the National Arts Centre's current revival of his production of *Le Songe* by **August Strindberg, "An outrage, a scandal." Miriti is excited because the French-language interpretation—a puppet-act of the dream-play—was recreated from videotapes and notes made of his acclaimed version at the Edinburgh Festival last year. But Miriti himself was only called in to work with four new cast members in the final stages of the six-week rehearsal—so early enough to make an already good show better. NAC administrator **André Gagné** is sympathetic but unrepentant. "Time and money did not allow us to work on *Le Songe* as if it were a new show," he says. **Keith Martin**, in the classical tradition of the National Arts Centre, everything happens by default."**

The federal government has cooked up a scheme to make next January's official winter concert more palatable. It has hired cooking queen **Janina Benoit** and Celebrity Cooks host **Bruce Gussard** to saddle Canadians into relearned mealtime via TV show appearances. "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous," snorts **Peterborough MP Bill Dewar**, a longtime mastic opponent. Dewar reported in the Commons last week that the fees for getting \$130,000 for their six-week contract. "No one wants it, no one can afford it, and no one can understand it, yet the Metric Commis-



Benoit making exotic cooking palatable

Hollywood may sometimes be obscure, but **Robert Altman's** meaning was crystal. Altman told an audience of 400 in Vancouver member that **Norman Levy**, the head of 20th Century-Fox distribution, is "scum" and "an idiot." Then he added that studio executives in general are "jerks." The 36-year-old director of such films as *Harold, McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Nashville* was in Canada to preside over a special screening of his condensed feature, *Health*. The big-budget satire drew considerable interest from Altman's strong following when it was completed for Fox more than a year ago. But it was yanked in favor of *Oh, Henry* only days and never reconsidered. Consequently, Altman vows to "go anywhere anytime" he is invited to screen it. "I feel I owe it to those people who supported me," he says of the movie's stars **Lawrence Bickel**, **Good Remedy**, **James Garner** and **Gloria Jackson**. "Also, I like to get my feet in." Though Altman sold his production company and is producing his first play on Broadway, he plans to return to the screen next spring with *Doctor Rag* (starring **Seals and Matthews**) and *Goodbye, Columbus*. Presumably financing will not come from Fox.

Qualipson was touring Europe in 1973 when Gen. **Augusto Pinochet's** right-wing junta toppled the Marxist government in its native Chile. The seven-man group has been living and performing in exile ever since. "We've been forbidden to go home because our music speaks of a return to democracy there," sighs guitarist **Patricio Pizarro**. "Like we've been on the world's longest tour." Now based in Paris, Qualipson has, however, found foreign favor for its blend of new protest songs and traditional Latin American styles played on the charango, pan flutes and native drums. Its current Canadian tour is something of a reaction for the 12,000 compatriots who fled Chile after **Salvador Allende's** overthrow. Organized by Chilean solidarity committees the concerts are being hosted by sympathetic political organizations such as Québec singer **Gilles Vigneault** and Vancouver NDP MP **Svend Robinson**. The Toronto show this week was seen as a test of loyalty in its matter of concertgoers, newly elected alderman and former mayor **John Sewell**, whose favorite protest singer, **Bob Dylan**, was across town on the very



performing stage right

It may be the worst times for the *Lavage* Joe, but it is the best of times for **Alain Perrin**, the chairman of France's prestigious **Les Muses** de **Cartier** International. Perrin, 29, recently hugged from Los Angeles to here he had joyfully overseen the destruction of a heap of fake Cartier watches (a scammer) to Toronto to host a \$200,000 gala theatre benefit thrown by his company to show off its wares. Commended to what he called "the big weakling," the party struck some as a makeshift home Canadian film director **Norman Jewison**, one of the few promised celebrities to show up, expressed less interest in Cartier's costly truffles than in the food. But the 600 guests who shined out \$150 apiece to attend the event left with well-plated visions of gold lighters, watches and statuette symbol leathers dandling in their hands. Perrin says Cartier plans to capture 40 per cent of the luxury goods market in Canada because, when times are bad,



Jewison, Marie-Thérèse and Alain Perrin

people invest in gold and cherished collectibles, which appreciate in value. Ironically, he wears a very plain set of his own product, he claims he loves jewelry—on women.

Last week **Mashoba's** natural resources minister, **Mary Bess**, held a press conference in Winnipeg to demand his government's road-building activities near the location of a proposed Alcan smelter site. Things were running smoothly until a question about personal land holdings in the area obviously inflamed the minister. Bess said back that he had purchased the land 15 years ago, that he wouldn't stop the (Winnipeg) Press from that kind of paragon fellow journalists that they like to entertain. Then, in reference to *Five Press* reporter **Jeane Baptiste** (who wrote the story earlier this month about the land) he'd by



Agreement Minister James McGowan, 30, from the preferred list, Bess said,

"I can't answer for the inspectors, you know, Bess." After a further remark about the reporter's sexual habits, he wrote a hasty retreat. An unpolished written apology was as Bess's desk the next day. Bess is shaken but refuses to comment—the matter is in her lawyer's hands.

Michael McLaren, 33, the British pop singer who created the *See Philo* and *Adrian* Act's prate look, has another outrageous invention—15-year-old *chastetee* **Annabella Lane**. The teen-ager, who fronts a tribal quartet called *Woo Woo Wwo*, was discovered in a London laundromat last spring and turned into a celebrity by McLaren. Despite her mother's protests, her inflated mood even put Scotland Yard on to the case, but detectives reported that



Bess is having it in her lawyer

Annabella was being properly advised and cautioned on the road. The Yard's sleuths found no evidence to support Mrs. Lane's charge that the sultry songstress was being exploited as an "underage sex kitten." When McLaren dreamed up a photo re-enactment of *Edward Mordant's* 19th-century painting *Le Digneur au Hérbe* for the band's debut album, however, snobs threatened to sue and the shot was pulled. Says Lane of posing modestly undressed and surrounded by McLaren-coiffed Row Wows: "My mom and my friends got shov of me as cheap. But it was very artistic and beautiful to look at. A lot of people reckon it's a hell of a lot better than the painting."

The Big Mac has already taken gastro-nomic rapids out of France's gourmet reputation. Now French eating from the equivalent of all Last week the potato kings from **Flamencos**, N.B., brothers **Wulfsberg** and **Hervise MacGill**, launched an assault on that traditional prize, the french fry. Opening a \$27-million potato processing and freezing plant in Harnes, the heart of France's spud-growing country north of Paris, the maritime millionaires want their hearts set on converting the French to a taste for *potatoes frites* competitors. While skeptics point out that they must face the *Gullie* potato's stubborn preference for fresh produce—the French consume nine times fewer from fries than North Americans—the MacGills say. They have already captured a large share of the French fries trade, by shipping fries from their Dutch plants to France's western coast. Says chairman of the board, **Harrold MacGill**: "I don't think the French have they've been eating frozen french fries for years."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

The good, the bad and the Alouettes

By Hal Quinn

Fans of major league baseball may have found the 1981 season strange. But they can take solace from the Canadian Football League, which is going through an even more bizarre passage. Winding down to the regular season's final games this weekend, the CFL has suffered its worst setbacks and enjoyed its greatest successes—all in the space of 18 weeks. Never before has one team lost so much money (the Montreal Alouettes), never have two teams been so loquacious (Montreal and Toronto's Argonauts), yet never have so many fans attended games (despite television and Toronto), or watched them on TV (thanks to Friday night telecasts and U.S. cable). It has been the good, the bad and the Alouettes.

Long before the season opened, Nelson Skalski's named the league's governors to suspect that 1981 would be different. Skalski is a maverick in the owners' lodge—a free-wheeling entrepreneur whose fratricide real estate and sport franchise deals have become a legend in the business community. Not only did Skalski shake the foundations of the league by admitting that he wanted his newly acquired Alouettes in the U.S. National Football League, but he quickly went about forming such a team with a chessboard. First, he purchased quarterback Vince Ferragamo (of Super Bowl fame) for \$600,000 a year, paid in advance. Then he signed up NFL star-linemen James Scott and Billy White Shoes Johnson, along with highly rated U.S. college stars David Dunsmuir and Keith Gary. But after just two wins in 13 games, Ferragamo was dumped from the active roster on Oct. 15. It was the most notorious plummet in CFL annals. Ferragamo sported the worst completion percentage in the league at 51.1. Just a year earlier he set a club record (194) with the Los Angeles Rams, a team with a history dotted with legends of the NFL. He also set a Rams record with 39 touchdown passes, but led the CFL only in interceptions—35 of them.

When Skalski first announced the move he said, "The league should be paying me, because they [Ferragamo et al.] will bring so many people to their parks." But they could not even draw fans in Montreal. As the losses cut off the field returned, Skalski's sold off half the part of the team and



Ferragamo's runs in the ridiculous.

admitted that he is shopping for a buyer for the rest. Last week the team projected financial losses for the season at between \$2 million and \$3.5 million. The traditionally inept Argonauts had set the CFL record by losing \$3.25 million last year.

Says CFL Commissioner Jake Goddard, searching for a parallel to the AIs' and Argos' dismal performance: "I guess you'd have to go back to 1968. That year the Alouettes lost their first 16 games. But we've never had two losses so, um, uncompetitive." As the CFL faithful marvelled at Montreal's expensive plummet and lamented in the annual rite of cursing Toronto's plight (two wins in 14 games), they flocked to watch the league's five good teams—Edmonton (on the verge of more records), Winnipeg, Sas-

katchewan, Vancouver and Hamilton. Some stadiums still followed Ottawa, and many fans stung to Calgary before the Stampeders faded. With two weekends remaining, attendance was up 30,000 over last year. A rather nondescript game on Friday, Aug. 28, between Ottawa and Winnipeg attracted 1,502,000 viewers across the country, according to the Bureau of Broadcast Measurement. In Regina, the chief concern was safety as officials strove to accommodate standing-room crowds. While that wasn't the problem down east, most reviews and ratings filtered north from the United States where the major cable network carried 38 CFL games into more than 11 million households. "It demonstrates that if all nine teams had been nearly as competitive as the top five," Goddard remarks, "we would have had the most outstanding year in our history."

In the end, however, the headlines emanating from Montreal reached anti-hysterical proportions. There were rumors of missed pay days. There was also talk of the CFL expanding into the United States and of the imminent signing of college phenomons. Then, said Walker. The conflicting whoppers had the AIs hotly pursuing Pittsburgh Steeler Jack Lambert, the team being excited from Olympic Stadium, and the voiding of superstar's contracts for failure to meet season payments. Some of the wilder rumors, at least, have now been laid to rest. The payroll was met. Expansion will be formally proposed during Grey Cup week. Walker is not yet a millionaire student. Lambert is no longer pursued. A \$300,000 bond of which the few Larks owners were unaware has been posted with their landlord, and the season payments were made—15 days late ("Ferragamo's status tomorrow, next year?").

The CFL's championship will be played in Montreal in late November without the Larks but not without the residue of their season. Commenting on a possible role of the team by Skalski, Goddard agrees, "It would not distress the league." ◇



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year? I really don't know," says Montreal's president, William Poutineau. "The too busy putting out fires.")

◇

On the seventh day He homered

A pass is dropped, a puck slapped, a curveball missed and His will be done

By Trent Frayne

A man's religion might be to be his own bottom, but that's not the way it is in the folkways of sports. The day the Expos went down, Tom Landry, the Los Angeles Dodgers manager, leaped halfway to the rim of the Olympic Stadium, overhauled and shookled God for victory. God did that in front of millions of witnesses staring at their tiny screens. Steve Garvey, the guy whose home run had stanned the Expos two days before, thanked God for victory, too, smiling toothily into the camera.

The Dodgers think God more often, or at least more publicly, than most teams. But they are by no means unique. There aren't many pro football teams whose players don't hold prayer meetings before making onto the field to beat up on people. Teams everywhere have players who invoke God's name in post-game interviews where the hard-thinking newsmen are mostly trying to learn what kind of a pitch the guy knocked into the seats.

It never seems to occur to the watching sports that God might be busy elsewhere or even have other, higher priorities than those games they're playing. When Landry was thanking God for an earlier victory—a three-game comeback over the Houston Astros—it apparently didn't cross his mind that the Lord might be busy in Egypt, say, or Mars, or even that it might be time for Terry Puhl's team to win one for the faithful in Montreal, Que.

Something of this nature might have been brewing in Montreal, though. Getting into that final game there was a chance that the Lord was on the side of the gullible young Canadians from Boca Raton, Fla., Boston Arrow, Okla., Kansas City, Calif., among other outposts of faith to the north, the St. Lawrence River. For in their midst was Ray Burris, a cool, right-hander who'd found total control, mind, eye, the mound and on it.

Ray is a dave and handsome tower of six feet, five inches who only occasionally knows a winning season fasciulating for the Cubs and the Mets and briefly in Yankee gear. But that he found peace with the Expos as a bare-again Christian who uncovered an all-speed curveball.

"Whatever will be will be," Ray said with a bridge smile before going out to

face the Dodgers. "Whatever God's will intends, that's the team that will win." Meanwhile, Landry's sleeve was being tapped by outfielder Dusty Baker at a gathering described by the glibby left-field manager as a special sign of team meeting. "I told them I believed more than anything in my life that we'd make back and win," I quoted from the Bible several verses from Romans that Dusty



brought me." It was true. Romans chapter 8, verses 1 to 5. "Trinitarian brings about perseverance, and perseverance, proper character, and proven character, hope, and hope does not disappoint."

The way it turned out, of course, Dodgers have realized and disappointedness belonged to the Expos. But not directly to Burris, who pitched eight confident innings, then came out for a pinch-hitter and was not on view when Bob Meekins had a shocking home run off Steve Rogers.

In the ensuing week, religion did not get quite so golden an airing as the

World Series began in a zoo in the Bronx and the Dodgers ran into the bullpen area of Bus Gidley, Gene Constance and Tommy John for two straight setbacks. The left-handed John's arm may even be broken. He pitched seven shutout innings, allowing a mere three singles, using a reconstructive procedure seven years ago by a surgeon named Dr. Francis Jobe. He obligingly removed himself from Tommy's right forearm in the elbow of his left. He must have done this mostly so Tommy could comb his hair without waving, because he told the pitcher he'd never be able to pitch again.

But that was in 1974 when Tommy was a Dodger, and after sitting out a year, waiting for his arm to mend, he came back better than new. As Pete Rose used to ask, tapping the arm thoughtfully, "Does it run on batteries, or do you just wind it up?" Colonel Jim Murray once noted that the arm drives the most devastating pitch in baseball—the ground ball right at someone. "He mixes his pitches up," Murray observed. "He throws a grounder or a fly, he throws a grounder to second and he throws a double-play ball to the shortstop." What has this to do with religion? The arm's power credits the unseen hand with the rebirth of his career, a reborn I based him express to a round of amble a couple of years ago in a New York hotel when he got a humanitarian award passed on by the man who ran the grand old game.

Who would question John's gratitude in the circumstances of his remarkable recovery? Not I. The ones who drive us from the engineering rooms are those sufficiently self-satisfied to believe the greater has force for their persiflage, directing the course of a missed field goal, a bad hop, or a shot that hits the goal post.

The rumors spread as faster than their numbers have in recent years—an offshoot of the attention and rewards that television awards. One, athletes were hardly more than the next man and so more visible in a short and be- but, anyway, through TV exposure, they are remarkable as movie stars and, through the vast mass TV levities on sports, as deep in Mercedes-Benz. Carrying a load like this produces enormous pressures. Failure can be devastating. Criticized people are everywhere. Hence somebody somewhere shares the burden. Enter The Man Upstairs.



Oil wars: the first volley

When Robert Bertrand, head of the federal anti-trusts division, attacked the large oil companies earlier this year for what he called unfair monopolistic practices, the effect was electric. The firms immediately opened a high-powered counter-offensive with expensive advertising blitzes to buttress their case. Then they launched a public relations drive of major proportions to offset the damage that the explosive charges had wreaked on their collective image.

But last week in Ottawa the oil giants spread by far the most expensive phase of their campaign. A levy of high-priced lawyers representing the companies began an extensive defence against the accusations that they overcharged customers by a whopping \$2 billion between 1968 and 1975. One by one, com-

pany officials and their legal advisors hunked up before the court, where hired guns of Gerald Storer, chairman of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, to begin an anti-trust investigation which may become Canada's largest non-union inquiry. Storer and his two fellow commissioners now spend well over two years hearing evidence about Imperial Oil, Shell Canada, Texaco Canada and Gulf Canada before deciding whether their conduct harmed the public good.

The battle began last March with the release of the seven-volume "Green Book" on competition in the Canadian petroleum industry. But as the oil companies rallied out their initial rebuttals last week, it became a contest of colored loaves. Imperial attacked with its own white books. Shell with yellow books, Gulf with blue and Texaco, and The Green Book, according to Gulf's noted lawyer, J. J. Balazs, "contains a carefully polished indictment which has little foundation in actual fact, but much by way of innuendo, supposition, inflammatory hyperbole and incorrect assumptions and conclusions."

What the first week revealed was that there are serious doubts about the reliability of Bernard's Green Book. John Howard, lawyer for Imperial Oil, complained that nearly three-quarters of the data seized from Imperial is either misquoted or taken out of context. "It is not mere distortion," he said, "but malice." Shell had the same complaint, according to policy adviser Robert Metcalfe. "There's a deliberate attempt by law-making agencies, for example, have been blown up to look like

official company policy," he declared. But the oil behemoths are clearly not yet off the hook. Ahead are more mountains of damaging testimony, particularly from independent petroleum distributors, who will make their cases when the Storer investigation takes to the road for the next round of hearings in December. Meanwhile, until the back-room jockeying for power in Ottawa, there is a suspicion that "Inter-unionists" such as Industry Minister Herb Gray—along with Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister André Gauthier—are lining ground to more professional cabinet members. Among Shell's Metcalfe: "This oil inquiry was likely, in part, a trial balloon both for Trudeau's National Energy Program and for Gauthier's proposed anti-trusts amendments."

The independent companies are the situation differently, however. As Jim Corbett, executive director of the Canadian Federation of Independent Petroleum Marketers, puts it: "The fact the Green Book is available, so well before the inquiry is crucial because there



Storer on opening day, colored books

Price Facts

What we should know about oil prices.

Commission lawyer Gordon Hemminger with several discredited 'assumptions, suppositions, inflammatory hyperbole and incorrect assumptions.'

are genuine shames of power that must be stopped." The key issue, which neither Storer nor newly appointed chairman director Lawson Hunter has yet clarified, is how far the inquiry will depart from the 19-year period outlined in the Green Book and whether it will examine present-day practices in the petroleum industry. And this, in turn, has the oil companies on edge. Says an Imperial lawyer: "We resent being presumed guilty before being proven innocent as the period covered in the Green Book only to face a whole slew of new allegations for which we are not prepared." Meanwhile, with a tiny staff of only three commissioners and one lawyer, the Storer inquiry may have more than enough difficulty sorting out yesterday's problems—without worrying about today's.

—ANTHONY WHITEHORN

The spring market and how it fell

Toronto realtor Terry Martel turned away from the natural gas fireplace in his downtown office and announced that the market is over. The sales slump, reduced by high interest rates, sending the price of some big houses crashing by 15 per cent in Toronto and by 17 per cent in Vancouver since June, says Martel, has ended. For homeowners such as Heather and Ian Birchall, however, there are still many signs that Martel's pronouncement may be no more realistic than his fireplace's ornate logs.

There are no decorative flames in the Birchalls' Toronto home as the couple worries about meeting the next gas bill with monthly mortgage payments of \$3,000 gulping three-quarters of their total income. Last April they put their downtown row house (which cabinet-maker Ian had largely renovated) on the market and looked for a larger home.

IT IS THE GOVERNMENT'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF A RAMPANT OVERHEATED HOUSING MARKET AND HOUSING COSTS THAT HAVE OFFICERS OF LARGE FIRMS OF FINANCIAL SERVICES LIKE MORTGAGE...



for themselves and their two young sons.

The market was in the midst of a dizzying price spiral, so it sold within 98 hours for \$170,000. That done, they bought a midtown five-bedroom house for \$115,500. But their dreams of a new beginning started to fade as the closing date of the deal on their former home approached. The buyer, who owned several other houses, found himself unable to sell another property to finance the purchase and he pulled out of the deal.

Now the Birchalls are looking for another buyer at the reduced price of \$155,000 and doing their best to meet the enormous temporary financing payments. Says Heather, "It doesn't hurt to trim down a little, but our situation is a bit ridiculous."



...to reduce their... on estimated 10,000 to 45,000 households... even take the above steps to help themselves and retain their home. They would have to pay well over 10 per cent of household income for principal, interest and taxes. They cannot cut interest or deferral techniques because they have insufficient equity. For these households the situation is one of hardship. Their choice are to pay a very large proportion of income to retain their home, try to sell their home, or just walk away and face foreclosure.

Blair with Vancouver home, cartooned Cosgrove and extract from leaked report: locally asbestos sitting in empty homes.

Not surprisingly, Greater Vancouver—which has had some of the country's fastest price increases over the past two years—has been hardest hit by the slump in a market where open houses were released of a few months ago, unknown how or where it empty residences without seeing a potential customer for several days. Jim Blair, a busy Vancouver making lawyer, used to think his home in the fancy Shaughnessy area was a good investment. In January he put it on the market for \$389,000. Last week, nine months and several price reductions later, he found a buyer for \$244,000.

Last week a secret Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation report, sent to NDP leader Ed Broadbent in a brown envelope, painted a grim future for even more Canadians. Signed by Eileen

Minister Paul Cosgrove (who told reporters last Monday that he would have to see large numbers of Canadians losing their homes before he would agree to call the situation "a crisis"), the document warns that up to 44,000 homeowners may lose their homes. What is more, it suggests that they may be locked out of the rental market as well since all available vacancies have been occupied.

Alberta and other Western-growth areas have escaped the worst of the price plunges, but the report suggests they will be hardest hit by the rental squeeze—which may also create a black market in apartments. With typical bureaucratic understatement, the report, which was prepared for the federal finance minister's budget estimates, adds that the situation is "a disquieting social phenomenon."

Citing the secret budget process, a beleaguered Cosgrove refused to discuss the figures and shrugged off angry opposition calls for his resignation. He did, however, suggest that remedies may appear in the November budget. But the opposition parties kept up their assault, and late last week Cosgrove offered to help homeowners who felt a "genuine concern that a home



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Assassination by legend

Two prosecutive outlaws ready to rise from the grave

JESSE AND THE BANDIT QUEEN

by David Freeman

Directed by Richard Sheehy

The familiar legend of Billy the Kid is a simple tale of romantic rebellion against authority, but the legend of Jesse James rests on much shadier moral foundations. Civil war damage, few homes, and it's hard to renege on pay for a renegade carrying out acts of retribution long after peace has been declared, even if he was a Southerner. It is surprising, then, that in *Jesse and the Bandit Queen* (first produced in New York in 1975) Jesse remains sympathetic even though his brutality almost eclipses his seductive charm. He retains his humanity against all odds largely because playwright David Freeman has defined it in his rela-

Although she adeptly communicates Belle's vitality, Kate Lynch is miscast: she lacks the physical presence to match Jesse's intense carnality and is constrained by a best-casting bedevil which diminishes her even more.

As the two characters wheel through this fatal polka, they portray others central to their story, stopping in and out of role regardless of chronology and age. The play has grand ambitions but its brevity ensures they cannot be fully realized. Happily ending at first, the harsh kaleidoscope eventually falls into place only to tear again at the finale. This Jesse rode crisis out for a bolter vision from director Richard Sheehy, without a hefty dose of the outrageous here and there, the production, the play's emotional charge is dissipated, not detected.



Lynch, Savage: No carnality unwatched

tionship to one Zella Starr. Portrayed alongside Jesse in the popular tailed National Police Garment, she was a professional kamaeoka whose independent item is and scrapes with the law earned her the title "the female Jesse James."

Freeman fantasizes a prolonged affair between Jesse and Belle consistently fed by—and at war with—a mutual obsession over their public image as mythic criminals. Both Jesse is sexual and explosive as Jesse, capturing his brazen blood at homebody, killer and vaudeville lover. Belle's inner landscape remains uncharted however, and Freeman too often glosses over delicacies of insight with a forced eroticism which offends without satisfying.

Like an actor outraged by bad notices, Jesse becomes so absorbed in parrying letters to the editor that he forgets his own demise. "If you get famous for spilling blood, you better keep spilling" or else it'll soon be yours." Tinkering with one's image can be useful, and Jesse is shot in the back of the head by a giggly-eyed schoolboy high on the myth. Jesse himself helped create. With assassination by legend the order of the day, perhaps the time has come for Jesse and Belle to rise from the grave. Kudos to Freeman and A.S.A. Performance Interiors for 1½ provocative characters who illuminate both the past and the present. —MARK CHAPMAN

LIVING

Storytelling renaissance

By Francine Geraci

"Out of your cage, come out of your cage/And take your soul on a pilgrimage," croons a long-haired woman in a white cotton robe. Storyteller Lynda Hayes is weaving a tale at 1001 Nights of Storytelling, located at Toronto's downtown Brimley Street. As she begins a s.e. carnage/ fairy tale about the lonely elephant who loved a toad, even the young father with his son in his lap falls under her spell.

A weekly gathering of storytelling buffs, 1001 Nights offers entertainment and surprises. With admission only \$2, the sessions provide cheap entertainment, as the focus of Toronto's storytelling community, they draw professionals and amateurs alike, eager to hone their skills and exchange versions of favorite tales.

Toronto—hardly the fantasy capital of the world—has become a hub in an



Hayes weaving a tale of 1001 Nights

international storytelling renaissance. Since 1979 the city has maintained the only storytellers' school in Canada, and Toronto's annual festival drew 1,000 participants this year. "People can respond, fall into the rhythm of [the music], chant along with the chorus," says Shelia Ruff, a professor of children's literature at the University of British Columbia. "It's something we can't do with TV."

Herman infancy is the traditional

business of the storyteller. Many who practice the art work full time in the support professions as librarians, educators, therapists or social workers. Joan Bolger, 58, has been a storyteller for more than 30 years, and stories are an important part of her practice as a Toronto Gestalt therapist. Over the past 20 years her stories have taken her from the ghetto streets of Nyack, N.Y., ("You have to reach children before they become too alienated to handle school") to sessions with U.S. inmates in Camp Lejeune, N.C. Outside storytelling has made her generous expansion—she resembles a benevolent geyser spreading her wings. During therapy she may relate a traditional fairy tale or an event from her own life, then ask patients to act out a detail that intrigues or disturbs them.

The fact that storytelling relies as much on listening as on telling may account for its therapeutic appeal. Many people are unarticulated in being listened to—especially children, the disabled and the aged. Twenty-year-old John Bishop, a silver-haired professional storyteller of Irish-Welsh stock who tells Celtic tales in a beguiling, rambling voice, has used an approach similar to Bolger's with wounded children. She finds that "amazing magic happens" when the children begin to tell stories. "They seem to overcome their disabili-



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[illegible]

ties and demonstrate remarkable patience with such other. They hang on every word and cheer when it comes out right." Likewise, Marianne Klarner, 84, found the elderly residents of a Toronto nursing home initially restless with her story sessions, impatient with her and with each other's fading memories. Yet things improved: they responded to tales from Eastern Europe where many had been born, and ventured to recount their personal reminiscences.

Social worker Taft Taft, of Kitchener Child and Family Centre in Toronto, found her boys "more relaxed and spontaneous" after weekly visits from Linda Hovey. "Linda gives the boys a chance to be themselves, to switch where they make identify with characters who were not forerunners as dangerous," Taft lauds the lack of funding available for "quality entertainment." She storytelling: Across the country, her regret is echoed by librarians and teachers concerned that although the arts are important, they don't have a lively tradition, as do the Celtic of the Maritime; the old generation is dying off. "There isn't the body of storytellers in the West that there is in Toronto," says Egan. "We haven't the population to support it and contribute to it. I believe that."

Caught between a devotion to reviving the art and the need to make a living wage, professional storytellers can no longer afford to accept traditional payment in kind (food and lodging). Even successful modern tale merchants average only two or three bookings a week at \$50 to \$100 per session. "But," says Dan Yashinski, 30, founder of 3000 Nights, "we have a definite responsibility to tend our culture. We've forgotten more than we know."

He turns to Alice Kane, who at 79 is a storyteller of 50 years' experience, and reflects it. She has just told an exquisite tale of a princess imprisoned in a woman's body. "Why haven't I heard you tell that one before, Alice?" Yashinsky asks. "Young man," she smiles. "I know 300 stories you've never heard." ☺

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FILMS

Tome on the range

HEARTLAND
Directed by Richard Pearce

Hearthland, a portrait of pioneer life, is an ample demonstration that a slice-of-life can leave half a loaf. The time is 1960, and the place is Wyoming, where the winters are punishing and where a neighbor is someone who lives half a day away. Into this spare and warlike landscape comes a widow, Ellie (Conchata Ferrell), contracted to work as a housekeeper for a rancher. Played by Rip Torn with a bracing gruffness, the rancher is a stringy boob who prefers to keep his money in his pants and his tongue in his mouth. Ellie, a stocky, determined woman, wants at least a beer with this godforsaken spot for herself and her child (Megan Poirier). After she and the rancher fight each other in front of a glass—yes, guessed it—they get married.

Those who weren't previously devoted fans of *Little House on the Prairie* may find themselves lured to the television set after the solemnity of *Hearthland*, which at best is a visualized history lesson. The movie seems to lack a sense of drama, as if a low-key approach was by its very nature a virtue. Well, there are two sides to this, saying that something is low-key is a polite way of saying it's boring. The scriptwriter of *Hearthland*, Beth Peters, seems afraid of action of any kind, not to mention words themselves. *Hearthland* comes very close to being a silent movie, and when Ellie is given some lines to speak it sounds as if she had just read the latest feminist tract on the truth from Deaver.

Though posing itself as its restraint and realism, *Hearthland* is every bit as real as a mechanical bull. When the neighbor called Grandpa (Lillo Stala) spouts her folkloric I-been-here-since-the-flood wisdom, the words as fake as any heard lately from an old western. And when Ellie delivers her baby unaided on the worst night of the winter, the scene's only distinction is that it's duller than countless others. Though it may strike some as a well-intentioned, kindly period piece, it is highly unlikely that *Hearthland* will strike anyone as anything so crass as dramatic. The extreme large moving scenes withered landscapes and faces, reflecting an equally withered narrative.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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RELIGION

Old Testament update

Jewish scholars debate a radical new commentary

By Toha Korenblum

Ever since the first biblical acrobats etched parchment with a stylus, Jewish scholars have dissected passages of the Old Testament, or Torah, debating inferences and scrutinizing allegories. Yet, from medieval times to the 19th century, Jews almost never contradicted the Bible's literal understanding as the word of God. Now, with Christian fundamentalism in vogue, a new Jewish commentary on the Five Books of Moses—the first written in English in North America—has just been released. And its liberal point of departure is destined to stir controversy: the Bible is not strictly divine revelation, but rather a repository of centuries of traditions.

The Torah: A Modern Commentary, a 1,800-page text published by the Reform movement's Union of American Hebrew Congregations, draws on contemporary archaeological and linguistic findings and couples them with gleanings from a wide spectrum of sources including the Kabbala, Shakespeare, Vergil and German socialist Thomas Mann. Principal author is Toronto Rabbi Gunther Plaut, Canada's leading Reform theologian who has been involved with the project since 1964. With what he calls "the eyes and tools of the modern critic," Plaut examines the text's original meaning, traces its scriptural-historical interpretations in Judaism (as well as Christianity and Islam) and finally draws a contemporary bond.

"While God is not the author of the Torah in the fundamentalist sense," says Plaut in the preface, "the Torah is a book about humanity's understanding of and experience with God." Elaborates the 68-year-old rabbi: "If you ask, 'Is the text touched by God?' the answer is yes. But the Torah was not given at one point literally, by divine revelation and transcribed by Moses at Mount Sinai. Rather, it is a reflection of many centuries of Jewish struggle with God."

To the traditional or Orthodox Jew, that posture is univocal at best and blasphemous at worst. "If the basic premise is that the Bible is merely inspired literature and not literally the



The Torah (above) inspired literature



Plaut (left), Schochet, debating the source of the Bible

word of God, then what is the difference between the Torah and Shakespeare?" asks Rabbi Isaacson Schochet, professor of philosophy and religion at Toronto's Humber College. "[Plaut's] interpretation of the Bible," he retorts, "is as useful then as a commentary on Don Quixote." More seriously, he claims the liberal approach, in essence, "pulls the rug out from under theism."

While Conservative Jews may not embrace all of Reform theology, they find the commentary practical as it contains Bible readings in Hebrew and English. "Mainstream Conservative theology holds that the Bible is revela-

tion, although there is a spectrum of opinion as to how it evolved historically," explains Rabbi Irwin Schild, co-chairman of the Canadian Conference of Conservative Judaism. "It is a useful and complete approach to juxtapose classical interpretations and modern scholarship, recognizing that the Bible exists on two different levels."

Until now, Reform and Conservative Jews have generally relied on the traditional interpretation of the Hertz Pentateuch, a commentary on the five books edited in the early '30s by Joseph Hertz, the late chief rabbi of the British Empire. The new commentary presents disparate views side by side, often without judgment, yet sustains a premiss similar to Reform orientation. Each book is prefaced by an essay from William Halla, professor of ancient Near Eastern literature at Yale University. His reflections on such archaeological and linguistic discoveries as the Dead Sea Scrolls are designed to evaluate the historical context and literary forms of the biblical text, rather than compare new the integrity of the text.

From dietary laws to capital punishment and homosexuality, the commentary draws an allegorical as well as scientific implications. For example, Plaut describes the tower of Babel as a story of human arrogance and as a contemporary message on the dehumanizing impact of urban civilization. Rather than view the Egyptian plagues literally, as divine retribution, he prefers to explicate the story as "a religious framework of the tradition that dealt at its core with oppression and freedom, faith and resistance to faith, opposition to the will of God and His final, glorious victory." And he warns in the preface that "a liberal understanding of the Torah may lead to grave misconceptions."

For Plaut, former rabbi of Holy Blossom Temple and a past president of the Canadian Jewish Congress, the commentary is not an apology for the Reform movement, which is more intent toward such rituals as observant Jews than its Conservative and Orthodox counterparts. "I did not write it to give authority to the Reform point of view," he says. He hopes the text will be well received by Christians—Jews and theologians alike—quoting that until recently Jewish communities have not attracted the serious interest of gentiles. And he has anticipated he often a personal comment: "This is a book written by a Jew, standing within the Jewish tradition, but who doesn't accept everything within that tradition uncritically." □



Schmidt and son Wayne: 'No landlord wants you if you have a kid'

Nixing the ban on kids

By Mary MacNutt

Since her landlord evicted her two months ago that he was doubling the monthly rent on her two-bedroom apartment to \$900, Irene Schmidt has been desperately looking for another Vancouver residence. The outlook is grim for the 32-year-old single mother, who is now only just squeaking by on \$500 a month from social assistance, and whose chief obstacle to finding lodging is one other than her five-year-old son, Wayne. "No landlord wants you if you have a kid," says a worried Schmidt. Last month she managed to civil receive with an appeal to the B.C. Supreme Court, but she saw four defeat in the Nov. 6 hearing. Then it will be "out onto the street along with everyone else," she predicts.

Like many urban parents, Schmidt is angered over being dismissed as a tenant because of her child, who is already wondering, "Why does nobody want to live with me?" Seven out of 10 provinces permit residential discrimination against families with children. Manitoba, Quebec and Newfoundland are the exceptions, and Ontario may join their ranks with an amendment to its human rights bill in late 1992.

Meanwhile, some Canadian municipalities, flooded with home-seeking families, are attempting to ease the prohibition on housing. The Toronto borough of East York, where 10 per cent of all apartment buildings are



Gostick at former complex 'dingy place'

adult-only, plans to apply for provincial legislation giving it the power to wipe out the no-children rules. Alderman Garlow Oren is optimistic that a bill will go through to ease the demand. "As it stands now, it's virtually impossible to find anything if you're a family with children." In Vancouver, where large-scale demolition of affordable housing has aggravated the astronomical vacancy rate, city council has made repeated attempts to secure similar enabling legislation. The problem is, according to Alderman David Lam, "it's well known that the city is not a family-friendly place." In Toronto, where the city is also facing a similar problem, the city council has made repeated attempts to secure similar enabling legislation. The problem is, according to Alderman David Lam, "it's well known that the city is not a family-friendly place." In Toronto, where the city is also facing a similar problem, the city council has made repeated attempts to secure similar enabling legislation. The problem is, according to Alderman David Lam, "it's well known that the city is not a family-friendly place."

in the past few years.

The adult-only building trend is part of a larger and more sinister North American phenomenon, observes Andrew Cohen, executive director of the Canadian Council on Children and Youth, pointing to the growing armies of single people and working single-parent families. Cohen says that children are increasingly perceived as "an inconvenience" of society, and this attitude has triggered dramatic shifts in the numbers of children under the age of 18, which in the city of Toronto alone has plummeted from 32,039 to 28,245 since 1967. In other "recessive cities," such as Calgary, Ottawa and Vancouver, landlords can easily fill their buildings with children tenants rather than risk potentially noisy and destructive children. Many apartment dwellers back the policy. Nancy Gostick, 27, former secretary of a Toronto high-rise tenant association, remembers her apartment complex being a "dingy, dingy place." The deterioration ranged from fingerprints on walls and graffiti on stairwells to mud-tracked carpets. "The kids just about pulled that building down," James Gostick, now settled in a Scarborough child-free house. "It's not that I don't like children," she says, "I just don't see why my rights for a decent home were infringed upon." Says developer Robert Stoen, vice-president of Cullinan Partners Corp. Ltd., which has a 70-to-80 family to adult-only ratio in its 110 northern Ontario buildings: "I bet most people living in adult-only buildings love there presently to get away from children."

Opponents of the discrimination say marketplace demand is irrelevant. "Equal access to housing of families with children is a human rights issue," insists Sherrie Barnhart, the lawyer for Child in the City Program, a Toronto-based study group. She points out that Canadian Anti-Bullying laws are prohibited under the law from excluding themselves from others based on color, creed or religion. "We say that in the same way this type of discrimination is not allowed, so should discrimination against children not be allowed."

But the eventual solution must go beyond amending human rights legislation, contends Cohen. Governments should prohibit the construction of buildings unsuitable for children, he says. "If you just put up buildings with one bedroom and no playground or space apart, then it becomes appropriate to say it isn't suitable for children." In the meantime, parents like Irene Schmidt may indeed find themselves "out on the street," as the city council, arguing out in government officials. Says a city council: "That way they'll take some babies."

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Predicting the Eastern Canadian quake

By Terence Dickinson

Few of the several thousand people living within several hundred kilometres of the St. Lawrence River realize that theirs is among the more earthquake-prone regions of North America. Yet only two years ago, people in the town of La Poestevie suddenly heard their windows and dishes rattling. "All at once our fences started running and the telephone rang," recalls resident Claude LeBlond, who had a job monitoring government seismic records and immediately suspected the reason. But his family and neighbors were startled to learn that what had shattered the calm of a late-summer afternoon was a Richter magnitude-5 quake.

For those residents who generally associate earthquakes with the notoriously tremor-prone West Coast, the



West Coast, Beaufort Island and St. Lawrence Valley—severe potential quake zones

was hit by a milder 5.9 tremor in 1964, damage associated to its milke, and splinter and facade masonry crashed to the ground. Canadian seismologists, who record about 200 shocks in Canada every year, agree that, along with Beaufort Island, Eastern Canada is one of the two most potentially dangerous quake zones east of the Rocky Mountains because of the difficulty of predicting such earthquakes. Howell emphasizes that he is only identifying "potential earthquake hazards" for the region. "We don't know enough about their causes to predict their occurrence."

Earthquake prediction, always a difficult business, is particularly complicated in the St. Lawrence Valley, where quakes are not triggered by the usual causes. Geophysicists blame most quakes of continental drift, or plate tectonics. The crust of the earth consists of about a dozen crustal-sized slabs of rock which float on the surface of the hot underlying mantle—disturbances occur where these plates grind together or overlap. Yet according to Queen's University geologist Edward Farrer, in Kingston, Ont., the main problem in the St. Lawrence stems from fractures along ancient fault lines in the plate itself, causing slippage. "But," admits Farrer, "the exact location of the faults remains uncertain."

To make matters even more difficult, many shocks in Eastern Canada go unrecorded due to the rarity of actual ground fissures. Furthermore, western quakes, more easily detectable by their

upheaval of earth, may cause more limited economic damage than the resonating seismic waves in the crevice of a plate in the St. Lawrence Valley. "The quakes appear to occur totally at random, and the amount of real estate involved is immense," according to Michael Berry, director of the division of seismology and geothermal studies of Energy, Mines and Resources' earth physics branch in Ottawa. Even though on the periphery of the "hotspot" area (see map), Quebec City risks being shaken by a magnitude-7 earthquake.

Although Berry cautions against Howell's statistical analysis of the area, he will project only that a major quake is "overdue" in the St. Lawrence Valley. For 50 years, Berry's team of seismologists has studied the valley with an array of seismometers and trilateration surveys of towering volcanoes. But even with constant monitoring, Berry admits the tremor didn't notice anything different before or after the 1979 La Poestevie quake—which struck right in the vicinity of their equipment.

The pluckers of new methods for investigating tremor-prone regions has done little to sharpen man's predictive ability for quakes. Seismologists can best use devices that measure ground warping to within a centimetre over a distance of five kilometres, huge mobile vibrators and precariously controlled explosions to generate pressure waves for detecting stressed rock, and trilateration capable of measuring ground uplifts of a few centimetres. Nevertheless, few ex-



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Aftermath of the 5.9 Cornwall tremor

Buildings of a Pennsylvania State University professor have come as an even greater surprise. After sifting through records of this and other earth tremors in the region, Professor Benjamin Howell revealed recently there's a 45-per-cent chance of a major jolt in the St. Lawrence Valley within the next 10 years. His computer projections, based on past trends, indicate that Eastern Canada is poised by a magnitude-7 tremor every 40 years on average. The upshot, of such a quake would not only knock people off their feet but cause heavy property damage in the interesting example of Cornwall, Ont., which



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Ironically, unconventional ancient methods of prediction may outstrip present-day science. The Chinese, who speak of more than 4000 years of earthquake research, recorded three-quarters of a million people in a 1978 quake, still successfully employ primitive techniques to predict tremors. In 1975, a devastating 7.5 quake in the Ludian province of Mao's China, for example, snaked west from freezing in the winter air and roosters crowed all night. Sensitivity to these signs allowed the Chinese to evacuate 230,000 people three solid days before the quake. In the same year, a 6.2 quake in Italy's Friuli region prior to a 1986 quake felled Western scientists to take such notions seriously. Dogs barked, cats ran into corners and horses reared. The earthquake broke the Bochmann-Helmut Institut of the Fritz Haber Institute in Berlin has suggested that before a major quake hits, the earth releases gas into the atmosphere, possibly triggering the quake.

A car you can't believe is



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are also book dealers and Modest Gossels released a year ago (All-though Young's claims seems outrageous, Carthaginian artifacts have been found as far north as Britain.)

The professionals were quick to respond. Renee Truica, a Miocene Indian and linguist in Sydney, N.S., pointed out that Fell could read neither Miocene nor the old Mediterranean script, but had based his work on similarities he found in dictionaries—an unreliable and unprofessional approach. "He can't identify the petroglyphs," he says, "but they're not Miocene. Fell's theory has no basis whatsoever."

The protests grew louder when archaeologists inspected the inscription. Surrounding it were dozens of other carvings, including signs, pictographs and 18th-century dates that had been scrubbed away and etched—a possible indication that the inscription was simply a whimsical design carved after the 18th-century incense. According to Fell, the biologically system was used until the 18th century, the inscription could have been carved any time before then.

The archaeologists assumed Fell was up to his old tricks of arranging "evidence" to fit his theories, rather than vice versa, as a professional would do. But after studying his work, Ruth Whitehead, staff archeologist at the Nova Scotia museum, concludes "If you don't know anything about Miocene, (the links) seem perfectly plausible because you can't believe anybody would mislead you that badly." She claims Fell passed off some words from a different (Indian) language as Miocene, using non-standard definitions for many Miocene words and credits Miocene thinking with abstract concepts, like heaven and hell, that were actually taught them by the French (Whitehead also points out that Fell ignores strong evidence that a 17th-century missionary found the Miocene without a written language and invented ideograms for them.) If there are links, it's only because there is a four-per-cent correlation between any two languages on earth, she says. As far as scholarship, the professionals object that Fell's bias undermines the understanding of genuine Indian culture and history.

Young and his colleagues insist that academics are "too steeped in dogma and professional jealousy" to acknowledge their rapid view of preliminary that his own methods would horrify the academics, since much of his evidence for the Nova Scotia Carthage connection is either guesswork or comes from books whose titles and authors he can't remember, and which he doesn't even know take notes. Once you start keeping them, you're lost." Unlike the Carthaginians, this dispute will likely never die.

—MICHAEL CLEGG/005

MUSIC

The king is dread

Peter Tosh breaks new ground for reggae in North America

As clouds of marijuana smoke drifted above the broadband of Toronto's O'Keefe Centre last night, it was obvious times had changed since Harry Belafonte first charmed suburban matrons two decades ago in the same venue with harmless *nygma* tunes. His hair braided in dreadlocks and his long body clad in a green jumpsuit with red and yellow shoulder flaps, Peter Tosh maneuvered his way about the stage with the compact lung in gestures that have become his trademark while singing "I'm a steppin' razor . . . I'm dangerous." Since Belafonte, Jamaican music has hardened into the cutting edge of reggae, a revolutionary force in international pop music. And after the death last May of reggae progenitor Bob Marley, Peter Tosh has been thrust into the forefront of the music known for its heavy bass line and jagged upbeat.



Tosh in concert (top), and at Toronto autograph session, a revolutionary force

Tosh's three-night engagement at the O'Keefe in mid-October divided the most exclusive North American tour by a reggae artist. Preferring 75 concerts in 50 cities during the last three months, he was hailed wherever he went as the new reggae of reggae, her to the spotlight left vacant by Marley. There are few other contenders, reggae stars Jimmy Cliff, Toots and the Maytals and Third World have all served an opening act for Tosh. But this self-styled "bush doctor" and "mystic man" denies any aspiration to Marley's throne. "I will have no dead man's title. No one ever got out from his crown."

Nevertheless, the crown has fallen to him. After playing a dozen countries in Europe, where he enjoys massive popularity, Tosh broke new ground for reggae in a North American tour that in-

cluded seven Canadian cities. Attracting crowds of 3,000 in Richmond and 4,000 in Calgary in September, he presented the real thing to audiences weaned on the watered-down reggae rhythms of white bands like The Police.

In Montreal, belated not police formed a phalanx outside the Theatre St. Denis after more than 500 people without tickets (mostly West Indians) began to break through the front doors inside the theatre, the overflow crowd surged forward the instant Tosh stepped from the wings, pressing up against the lip of the stage and filling the aisles. The entire audience—for the most part white and French-speaking—stayed on its feet throughout the show. Even in Kingston, Ont., some light years removed from its Jamaican namesake, Tosh brought an arena of students

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to their feet by bawling like a baby. Capitalizing on the devil of dance, which Tosh considers "deleterious to the central nervous system," reggae has also begun to penetrate the U.S. black community. "I'd like to tell my black brethren that for too long you've been told to get down," Tosh said on a U.S. television show for blacks. "It's time you get up and stand up for your rights."

Indeed, Get Up, Stand Up, a song coauthored by Tosh and Marley, is reggae's classic anthem against "downpression." Tosh has always been one of the more militant voices of Rastafarianism—the Jamaican religion that has no church but promotes the use of ganja (marijuana), venerates Jah, evokes the spirit of the late Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie and dreams of abandoning Babylon for the lost African home land. Born in Jamaica's western beach country 37 years ago, Tosh was one of the three original Wailers, along with Marley and Bunny (Lionhearted) Wailer, who has retired from touring. Tosh was ostracized from relative obscurity when Mick Jagger discovered him at a concert in Kingston. Jagger signed him to the Rolling Stones' label, helped him produce the *Rush Doctor* album and exposed him to vast audiences during the 1980 boom year.

Unlike Jagger, Tosh eschews the trappings of a superstar, although he says he would love to sell "billions" of records to spread his message. "Material things don't blow my mind. I'm a musical messenger of the Almighty. Ninety per cent of the gold comes from Africa. Before I was made a slave, I used to walk on gold. I could dance you with gold. Diamond, pearl, ruby, sapphire, jewelry. Anything you can think of."

When Tosh talks, grammar and syntax stand as their head. Finishing an interview, he sits on roller skates and disappears into Marley's bed as summer sunshine, confident his mystique remains intact. The multiple paradox of this preacher-musician-affiliate dissolves only in the music. Biding us the chords of a distant sweet-grease band, its sensual melody waxes—drenched with daily infusions of ganja and heavy—serves us an instrument of soulful subversion. Often he lets the band's strong vocal harmonies carry the verse while he rides in and out of the rhythm. The lyrics satirize a middle class when he bemoans the evils of cocaine, fast foods and "pink like yellow green soda," a Rastafarian chorus responds with latest such as "soda pop! soda pop!" Rather than crush his soul into the solution, he directs them toward him with the consumption of someone threatening a needle. And the thousands of white heads bobbing to the reggae beat have forgotten what it means to be buffed by it all. —DANIEL D. JOYNER



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The inquiring heart of a prairie childhood

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

by W.G. Mitchell
(Memoirs of a Canadian, \$24.95)

His first and most famous book, *Who Was Seen the Wind*, told the story of a sensitive boy growing up in small Saskatchewan towns. Later novels, notably *The River* and *The Yawking Point*, explored the larger topics of time and old age. Now, at the age of 57, W.G. Mitchell has returned to the joys and frustrations of childhood, and his admirers will be delighted. A master of precise fiction is up to his old tricks, and if you have forgotten *Heidi* Rollers, swimming holes in the river or the sweet scent of willow smoke, *How I Spent My Summer Holidays* will remind you in the kindest possible way. Reading it, you begin to wonder whether this nostalgic string of boyhood escapades deserves to be called a novel. Until the last few chapters, that is, when you understand with a jolt just how ahead a writer W.G. Mitchell really is.

How I Spent My Summer Holidays is narrated by a scrawny 13-year-old called Hughes, who bears more than a passing resemblance to Tom Sawyer. In the summer of 1903 he and an English boy, Peter Deane-Cooper, dig a secret cave beneath an empty cottage of prairie, intending to use it as a hideaway from their families and friends. But when a young man called King Matherswell—rascaller, war hero, hockey grandstander and pool-ball operator—hops out about the cave, he decides to use it for his own purposes as a refuge for an escaped mental patient. King has no desire to send the man back to the degrading routine of an asylum, and he seduces Hughes and Peter as guardians of liberty. The boys spend part of their vacation learning such useful information as the correct method of building a fire, the true appearance of a naked woman and the enshrouding effects of eating shoulder blades. They also learn about madness and, eventually, death. Here, at his least outrageous, Mitchell writes most forcefully.

The young group has many virtues, including a delicate, unpretentious sense of humor and a lively understanding of a child's perceptions. Children in Mitchell's books never suffer the indignity of being portrayed as miniature adults. Unlike most contemporary



Mitchell comedy with a solemn edge

teen, the novel could happily be read aloud; it has something of the ease and leisure of oral storytelling, the unpretentious entertainment of street corners and porches, pubs and backyards. Nevertheless, it must also be said that some of the digressions are irritating rather than winning, that the book is slow to gather power, and that Mitchell hasn't entirely controlled his sad weakness for melodrama. Occasionally, the heavy style seems at odds with an underlying bleakness. These pages are liberally sprinkled with madness, warms, religious fanaticism, pigs, legends and dreamards. It's a cross-eyed vision of Saskatchewan, one of Canada's least understood and most surprising provinces.

In the end, the title is deliberately devious. Those who approach the book searching for light-hearted memories of a less complicated time than our own will find that Mitchell plays along with their expectations, then suddenly over-

throws them, like so many good writers, *How I Spent My Summer Holidays* has a sad and solemn edge. "I have tried to present sympathetically the struggle of a boy to understand what will defend nature and learned men," comments when an inquiring heart seeks clarity, and the theme of darkness is broken. Those words, with which Mitchell prefaced *Who Was Seen the Wind* 34 years ago, apply to his new book as well. It is the story of a boy and the earth, our mother and our destination.

—MARK ASLEY

Resisting the law of the pinprick

THE MAN WHO SOLD PRAYERS

by Margaret Crad
(Lester & Orpen Denton, \$24.95)

Margaret Crad has never much bothered with getting her work published. She was 37 when her first and only novel, *A Lesson in Love*, came out to glowing praise in the U.S. and Britain. She is 41 upon publication of her second book, *The Man Who Sold Prayers*, a collection of eight short stories making its appearance (after solicitation) in Lester & Orpen Denton's International Fiction List. Crad was a rector's child, the daughter of an Anglican minister, raised on the Saskatchewan prairie during the Depression. She is now a shabby housewife and wife of Frederick Shaffer, an eminent professor of theology and philosophy, living in academic ease in the university town of Amherst, New Brunswick. These biographical details may offer a clue to her lack of push in an authorial hat, but don't make up for all



Crad well-published lessons in love

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that we have missed. The modern short story is generally a gaspstick to a ballroom, a moment of miserable clarity.

Margaret Atwood subtly fills her stories with air—in her art the world is still so awfully light, enough to float. Take the case of the Rev. "Society" St. Clair Gwynne, who lost his faith suddenly at 45, felt he had to retire from active life in the Anglican Church, and took to writing mail-order prayers for a living. Allowance for every occasion spun off his "prayer wheel," from showing day at a boy's school to strawberry festival. "Those who have given us of Thy bounty, look affably upon this seasonal gathering, and grant that these kindly fruits of the earth may bear fruit in his fields in our parish." Not many writers could illustrate the genesis of faith in God (now you feel it, now you don't) with such a light social, anthropological touch. Creel documents Smith's wanderings in the wilderness of the decade 1960 to 1970, a hard belief in God leaves her again and again fed her somehow equal so believing in the properties of vitamins B-12 or the Loch Ness monster. We expect Smith to be left there, an embittered prayer salesman, suffering his 80th birthday. But Creel brings him back. In a particularly Canadian expatriate in his back garden, among a crackle of autumn leaves, Smith regains his faith. The balloon rises in creep, clear air.

Creel's stories are full of symbols that shouldn't work, such little ironic devices as her mentioning up T.S. Eliot, that great Anglican poet, at Smith's moment of truth. "Time past and time present were fused." The protagonists of *Two Rooms* are named Ariadne and Andras and are endowed with their characteristic at the opening of the story in paragraphs that are almost lists. "Ariadne was excited by every technological advance no matter what its threat to the human race. Andras, embroiled in politics against machine-fueled power plants." Creel holds you away with one hand while the other steadily reels you in. Then, at last, the guard band drops and the reader suffers the ending as a head-on emotional collision. In right cases out of right this technique produces what Creel so delightfully intended—a well-taken, twisted lesson in love.

All the stories are good, five are much better than good. Creel has a rare ability to dramatize the position—her stories pick their way toward conventionally happy endings. In *A Love Affair* a pregnant, she even manages to turn a "we are all friends" a delusional technological-wasteland story into a testament to human interconnectedness and history. Only one major criticism needs to be voiced—maybe, it's not as good. —ANNE COLLINS

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A civil observer on the front lines

DIPLOMATIC PASSPORT
by Charles Ritchie
(*Macmillan of Canada, \$12.95*)

He describes himself as Walter Batty, passing as an ambassador—a sort of sleep-in wall's eisting. Indeed, one of the most hilarious anecdotes in Charles Ritchie's third volume of diaries, *Diplomatic Passport*, covering 1949 to 1962, tells of his inability to attract attention at dinner parties. Ritchie merrily shares feelings of inadequacy to his good friend, star sociologist and wife of the British ambassador in Paris, Lady Diana Cooper. "Am I terrible, or readable? I have so much to say and so many guys say attention to me. She flirts with her azure eyes. 'Something,' she said, 'must be done about this.' Something was—with Nancy Mitford acting as her lieutenant, Diana organized a Ritchie Week, a week of nonstop parties. . . . She raped in half of Paris-surprised French husbands found it was the smart thing to join in this charade. Whenever we appeared, a special anthem was played to signal our entrance. . . . on the walls of the houses in our street someone had by night chalked up in giant letters the slogan 'Remember Ritchie.' On the last night of the week I said to Duff [Cooper] 'You don't think, do you, that now we have an embargo de Ritchies?' He politely demurred."

As well he might. The reader can only envy the Chapiers for their head-and-shoulders acquaintance with Ritchie. The sphere of his diaries comes not only in their writing, full of free, funny anecdotes and shrewd insights, but most especially, in the being of the author. What a man Charles Ritchie is: the complete diplomat, who rose from the relatively modest position of adviser to the Canadian peace delegation in Paris in 1949 to the airy heights of Canada's ambassador to the US in 1968, a man of humor and fundamental decency. In a word, a civilized man.

His diary can be read on two levels. On one, it is a wonderful sort of adult soap opera—a *Dallas* of the diplomatic set, every bit as engrossing, though far more elegant, in its tales of parties and intrigue. What distinguishes these stories is not only the writing, but the extraordinary realization that they are about people in the front lines of our times: Indira Gandhi, Louis St. Laurent, John F. Kennedy.

On a second level, the diary is that of a very subtle intellectual working in a minor key, asking fundamental questions about the state of human nature

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and our evolution. The Shari, of course, cover an extraordinary period: the occupation of Germany by the Allies and the rebuilding of Europe by the Americans. Included are such events as the Suez invasion and the uprising in Hungary in 1956, the so-called "Cold War" and what some people believe to be the great peace initiatives of Lester Pearson in his formation of the UN peacekeeping force—and what others see as the beginning of the deterioration of the Western world to defend their most sacred interests. Butler's doubts about these events surface infrequently. He is too much of the diplomat to put on paper any special dislikes; he may feel about such-and-such a policy decision. His mind is occupied with the larger questions. He wanders in the West's confrontation with the Soviet Union. "What does it mean, something secret, violent, and fanatical... which one apparently be found in the most commonplace men. The professor turned communist—the prostitute turned spy. Is this a byproduct of the omnipotent state? Does it not go on under countries where the civil servants increasingly control the lives of nations? Is part of our rage against communism the rage of Calvin at seeing his own flesh begotten?"

Perhaps only God has the answers, but Charles Richter at least knows—and dares—to ask the right questions. If Canada had produced no other writer of such quality, Richter alone could establish our literary presence. —BARBARA AMEL

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Cleaver (1)
- 2 Cafe, Kemp (2)
- 3 The Heat New Hampshire, Brown (3)
- 4 Death House, Atwood (3)
- 5 The Third Deadly Sin, Sinclair (3)
- 6 Blood Upon the Waters, Shaw (3)
- 7 East River of the Sea, Herbert (3)
- 8 Lucky Park, Zech (3)
- 9 Goodbye, Janette, Robbins (3)
- 10 The Covenant, Maclean (10)

Non-Fiction

- 1 Flaming Across the Border, Bertram (3)
- 2 The Last God Made Them All, Bennett (3)
- 3 Invitation to a Royal Wedding, Spauld (3)
- 4 The Beverly Hills Diet, Mandel (3)
- 5 The Eagle's Gift, Gendreau (3)
- 6 Canada: Super (3)
- 7 The Art of Robert Bateman, Perry (3)
- 8 The Hiss Report on Male Sexuality, Rice (3)
- 9 Terry Fox: His Story, Seymour (3)
- 10 If You Can't Beat 'Em... —Vivian Miller, Washington Post

(1) October 1990

ART

Forging a visual language



'The Trail to Howe Lake' (1935): a harp on the part leg of the Group of Seven

By Robert Harigot

In 1936, art critic F.B. Housner described Frederick Hensman Varley as "a sort of art gypsy." He did not intend it as a compliment; Varley's career, with its protean changes in style and subject matter, was a creative departure from the landscape-oriented art movement that Housner was determined to champion. Varley remained a bear on the part leg of the Group of Seven for 56 years, whose his presence was explained as an inevitable side effect of a walk through the hallowed ground of Canadian landscape painting.

F.H. Varley: A Centennial Exhibition, organized and circulated by the Edmonton Art Gallery (with the assistance of the National Gallery and the Canada Development Corp.), will go a long way toward saluting any patches of irritation. The show will be on view in Edmonton until Dec. 6 before travelling to Victoria, Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. Christopher Varley, the painter's grandson, and the curator for the LTD-work exhibition, has used the show and its comprehensive catalogue as a "tribute and farewell" to his grandfather.

His first landscape artwork was shown in his ancestor's company, finally, as a complete, if unexpected, coincidence. Varley, who died in 1989, would be delighted to be separated from the part leg of the Group. He was always more mercenary than his ancestor and became more mystical and, ultimately, self-absorbed. Where Lawrence Harris' spirituality could be expressed in the painting of a simple lighthouse, Varley, as always, looked inside and was his own best beacon. He was personally an outsider. However, he was not entirely a renegade from the attitudes that later provided a focus for the Group of Seven. One of his early enthusiasms was the search for a visual language that could accurately reflect the northern landscape. He wrote to his sister in 1913 that Canadian art was a "strong, lusty child, unfettered with rank, rusty ideas—possessing a vision that rings sweet and clear." His consequent work in this tradition was impressive. Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay (1920) embodied the new visual language of the North in the eyes of his critics, however, its success made him later work appear outmoded. Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay was not his best painting, but it remains his best-known.

In one sense, Varley came to his subjects with a solid naiveté, as if he had no memory of the things he had painted. Each painting was a unique encounter, but Varley was too influenced on his shores for critics to peek at. Trained at both the Sheffield School of Art and the Académie Regée des Beaux-Arts in Toronto, he picked up diverse influences in school and throughout his life. Of these paintings, the representation of Mount and Mount, English portrait and watercolor painting, the "memories" of Tintet, even a mixture of Rembrandt. By not focusing on a single style for a long enough period of time, he never fully exploited his ex-

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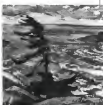
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solvable abilities. But his best paintings in watercolor—Three Clouds and a Tree (1900), *Pinecone* (1902-03), *The Trail to Five Lake* (1903) and *Woodnote* (1904)—are flawless. With its swirling profusion of colors, *The Trail to Five Lake* conjures up an intricate pantheism. Varley is most effective with intimate scale, as if these landscapes had been absorbed and then reemerged as diary notes from nature.

His portraits are as less remarkable and more brief when they incarnate some degree of confrontation. Able to paint well only when he was engaged in his subject, Varley was never a neutral portraitist. His subjects, such as the rising executive and photographer Harde Martineau-Jauch (1896), look back at us as much as we look at them. Varley activates his subjects, and the results are not always comforting.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the numerous portraits of Vera Weatherford, where Varley galvanized his talents. She was an art student and would-be painter when Varley met in Vancouver in 1897. He used her almost exclusively as a model from 1898 to 1906, and it is surprising to read these portraits as progress reports on the nature of their relationship. In *Vera* (1904) he painted the best portrait of his life, a forthright, audaciously colored canvas that is not complex a revelation of femininity as Picasso's *Dora Maar Seated* (1937). But in *A Portrait of a Girl* (1903) the features are more diffuse, the face seems to be falling away and the dangerous passivity of the earlier portrait has changed to malice, or even boredom.

Varley was no less ruthless when he painted himself. His *Self-Portrait* (1909) is a rigorous, even brutal work, his face seems less painted than carved out of pigment. But his eyes carry the tangible weight of fear and possibly a hint of terror. This self-portrait articulates a telling paradox: Varley traces an astonishing spectrum moving from aggression to self-doubt. In his first version of *Laboration*, a large oil on canvas composed six years after *Vera*, his portrait reached an apothemous Varley's stylized depiction of himself as Christ is remarkable, the figure is both present and translucent, not as much a whole being as a two-dimensional easel painting. As his woman ruminates greens, blues and reds, you get the impression that the crucifixion was a scheme to allow the resurrection of colors. The male figure also bears an uneasy facial resemblance to *Vera*; they appear set to match spiritual siblings in genetic stars. *Laboration* is really about spiritual and aesthetic overreach; Varley and *Vera*, the male and the female, form and color, are all contained within Christ's image. Ultimately, the painting of the self-portrait was an act of self-love, a spiritual auto-mutilation.



'Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay' (1902) (top), 'Self-Portrait' (1910) (right) the results are not always comforting

Varley's career is a collection of military triumphs and explosive disasters of activity. From the beginning he was preoccupied with finding a vessel through paint, and ultimately he succeeded. At his most inspired he spoke in tongues, at his worst—and too often—he stuttered. Finally, Varley is a painter-tempest who wanted to remain precious even in his outrage. By the late '40s his work had become benign and prettified. In 1940, he wrote to *Vera* that his drawings were far ahead of his early work. "I've no fears or doubts now. I just draw and when I draw too much I crack it up." Somewhere in the passage of time, Varley lost his nerve and the edge to his art fell away. He drew so slowly that he forgot he was his own most important subject. ☐

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Will conservation solve our problems? It will certainly help. But even long-term usage projections and a continuing decline in conventional oil production, it is possible for Canada to become self-sufficient in oil and gas only with development of new petroleum resources.

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Our energy habits

Currently, petroleum accounts for an estimated 68% of Canada's primary energy requirements. Oil accounts for 90% and natural gas provides 18%.

In 1990, Canada produced about 1.52 million barrels of oil per day. But Canadians consumed 1.87 million barrels per day. The difference was made up by costly imports of oil. Our known reserves of natural gas, however, suggest that we will have enough for our own needs plus enough to export for many, many years to come.



Oil is a precious resource. But it's also a dirty business. Our cities are full of oil products as shown in this picture. The products are not clean, but they are useful. And they are a part of our lives. We need to use them wisely.

A little bit of knowledge

Some people say a little bit of knowledge can be a dangerous thing. At the Canadian Petroleum Association, we believe a little bit of knowledge is an important beginning. Obviously, this advertisement cannot contain enough information to make you an oil and gas expert. But we do hope it has helped you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question.

CANADIAN PETROLEUM ASSOCIATION.
Energy solutions begin with understanding.

The establishment of fascination

A two-level second volume dissects Canada's corporate elite

By Allan Fotheringham

I have long maintained that Peter Newman's books can be read at two levels, like Gulliver's Travels. Newman insists that he does not make judgments, he just lays down the facts. His first two may seem so. *Revealed in Power*, simply documented John Diefenbaker's monumental ineptitude and ineptness and destroyed him without coming to any judgmental conclusions. Newman's first volume of *The Canadian Establishment*, I argue, is no different. At the time, could be converted into a Communist party handbook it proved everything the Marxists have charged about our type of society—200 men, with monstrous directorships and a web of connections, controlling the Canadian economy. The author didn't think much of my written thesis but, I think, has thought somewhat since the *Raincoast*, with obvious gleam, now have the tremendously successful book in print in their country.

Newman is now about to publish volume 2 of *The Canadian Establishment: The Acquisition*, and I would suggest that the same approach runs through the intriguing detail and riveting anecdotes of the book even more. He describes the swarming, belligerent new oligarchs, mostly from the West, who are challenging "The Incumbents"—the Stitts and Scalets and Conrad Blacks of the Toronto crowd. To Newman, "These guys figure they're napping along on the playing fields of the Lord—they're managed to bring capitalism into a spiritual experience." The problem is that so many of them come out as thoroughly unpleasant fellows, the new oligarchs.

There is Vancouver real estate gambler Nelson Skalagala, "Canada's first full-fledged, bona fide capitalist"—who also fumbles in sports franchises, usually to the detriment of most clubs he enters. He sells about 70 per cent of everything he buys before closing the deals. He once lost \$70,000 in four minutes at a Las Vegas table. When a *Times* Fotheringham is a columnist for *Sunday News*.

fried's lady best him soundly at tennis and extended her hand across the net. Skalagala's response was "T—off," before storming away. When he bulldozed a \$1-million totally renovated French regency mansion (including eight bathrooms and the pool) in Vancouver to build a \$4-million pad for his new wife, he told the press, "Whether or not I knock down a house is about as important as what color pants I put on." A class act.

There is a completely tasteless chap



called George Cohen, a transplanted American who is head of McDonald's in Canada and seems never to have left his sophomore year in high school. At his summer home the toilet seat lid in the outhouse is shaped like a Big Mac. He has an electric canoe with a silent battery-driven motor (so the trout can't hear you coming). At a board meeting held at the top of the CN Tower Cohen and a colleague dressed in garish suits reviled the window washer's platform and then made faces at the other directors sipping drinks inside. Vancouver developer Jack Poole, for Edgar Kaiser's birthday, had a life-size stuffed champagne warping for him in his office chair. Kaiser, who while just in his 30s has been divorced twice, bulldozed his four-year-old \$300,000 Vancouver home to build a \$800,000 one to suit his latest lady. At the office, his executive washroom contains a 10-foot fountain.

Vancouver insurance magnate Peter Brown has 70 pairs of identical Gucci buffers (shirts) and once, to impress 30

Vancouver girls sitting around a Vegas pool, ordered a waiter to bring 100 triple bellinis at \$18 a drink. Winnipeg's Peter Nygard, in his black velvet suit with white shirt spilt to the navel, has an office that includes a sauna, a sofa that at the touch of a button converts into a bed and a mirrored ceiling. A previous wife was told when he proposed that she would get only six per cent of his time. Edmonton's Peter Pocklington is convinced he leaves his body for sacrosanct flights to visit exotic ladies—

swinging down the Nile or the Kremlin towers. Peter Brundman, running a \$15-billion conglomerate, is so insecure that he still dreads his own socks. The Richmonds of Toronto—complex bodyguards, seldom grant interviews, never answer the telephone.

This is the fascination of Newman's two-level approach. I'm not sure if he's suggesting we should admire these people or we should despair of them. Just the facts, m'm'm. There are a million of them. The intricacies of corporate coupling in the take-over battles between Baycorp and Noranda are

described in their complexity—and ballyhoo. The chairman of A.E. LePage (now the world's second largest real estate firm) boasts that "There is no twice as downward in relation to its economic hinterland as in New York." Exactly! There's the proof of everything Peter Loebach and the West have tried to explain. Newman has his usual scotch set for an irresistible line (Vancouver's oligarch Herb Cropper is missing: "I think it's wonderful, wood but I wouldn't want a house made of it"). The research is stunning—half the journalists in Canada feel their material by going over old Newman footnotes. In explaining that "the great internal struggle currently redefining the Canadian Establishment struggle" is this clash between the Anquarins and the Inberitors, he is perceptive (one of the very few from Toronto) in explaining the thrust and vengeance in the new Alberta. It's a most readable book—but you're not going to like some of the characters in it.

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